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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXV No. 2416 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 11 1946

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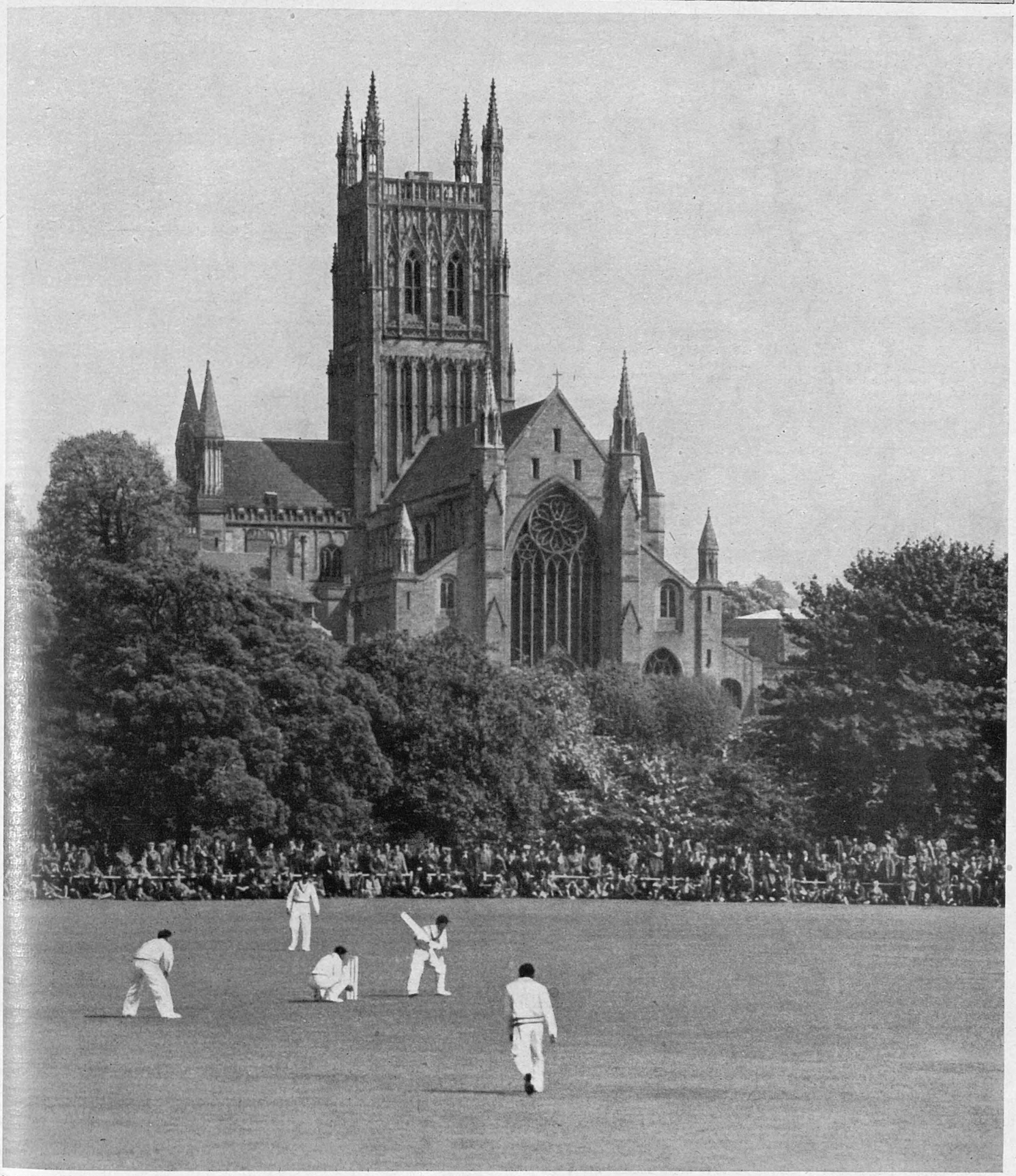
Volume CLXXXV No. 2416

The SPHERE, London, May 11, 1946

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



SPRING IN ENGLAND—AND WE TURN TO THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF CRICKET: A scene on the famous County Ground at Worcester as the Indians fielded against Worcestershire in their first match of the tour

What may prove to be the best Indian cricket team ever to visit England started the opening match of the tour last Saturday when the Indians, under the captaincy of the Nawab of Pataudi, met Worcestershire on the famous County ground in the shadow of Worcester Cathedral. The Indians made a good start by dismissing Worcester for 191 runs, and meanwhile, in other parts of the country the first post-war cricket season got into its stride with many of the old familiar names looming large again in the batting lists. Hammond and Barnett, of Gloucestershire, both scored bright centuries against Cambridge, while Washbrook, of Lancashire, and J. F. Parker, of Surrey, also started off well. The 1946 cricket season is one of special importance in the cricket world, for, from the results of this year's play against the Indians, will be chosen the team to represent Britain against Australia in the next fight for the Ashes.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

F.-M. Peter Pan.—General (or F.-M.) Smuts has arrived in England by air—not for the first time. He was born on May 24, 1870 (a Franco-Prussian War-baby). It's a long time ago. He is six years beyond man's allotted span and looks good for another twenty years of public service. And twenty years of public service equals not less than fifty years of what public service implied, in strain and movement, when he was born. What a man! With whom can we compare him, save only with Churchill? They bred giants in those days, and among those giants only the freaks of nature have survived the gruelling of the last three decades of public responsibility. How often have he and Churchill put a span about the earth in the last seven years? If any man alive is a symbol of the strength of the British Commonwealth, a proof positive of its endurance in the face of odds and snags uncountable, that man is the man who commanded the Republican forces in Cape Colony in 1901, and at the end of April 1946 was the most beloved and honoured of all guests at the Royal Castle of Windsor. A legend; yet a prophet crowned and a living force in current politics; a former "enemy" and to-day the best friend and adviser that England and the Empire ever won. When you and I worry about growing old, we should turn our thoughts on those two freaks of Nature, and with them refuse to grow up.

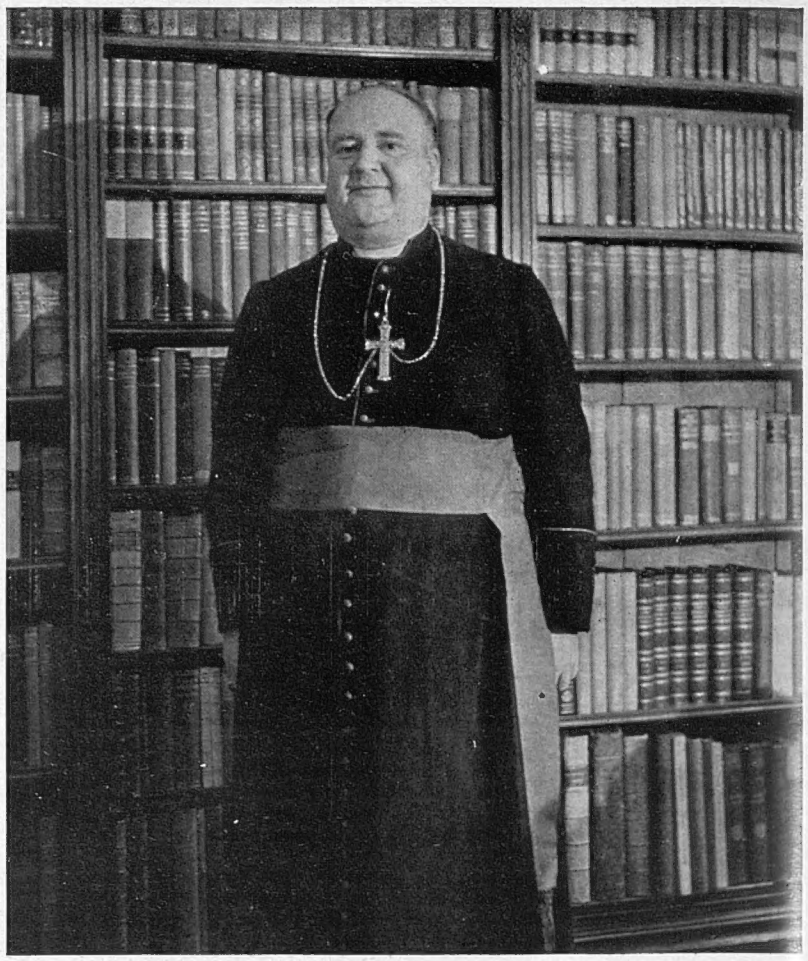
Advice Without Responsibility.—Advising others on the proper way to manage their affairs may be a duty or merely a luxury or hobby. In either case, it implies a share of responsibility. If you are a guardian or trustee for an individual or nation, it usually implies that the ward is under age or immature, and needs not only advice but constant assistance in carrying it out. And if you are merely prolific of advice to anybody at any time, your advice to be effective must be backed by your active co-operation. There is a tag from my schooldays which sticks. It relates to the amateur strategist who gave advice to Nikeas, but was unwilling to take the field in Nikeas's place when it came to fighting. I daresay that Americans "in Greek are sadly to seek." As a race, they yield to none in their proneness to tell other nations how to run their affairs; often no doubt that advice, when it is not pure sentimentality, is good. Sometimes, perhaps, it is practical politics, but the habit marches ill with an innate isolationism. Those U.S. have been very ready with advice to Britain on how to solve the Palestine problem, and they have certainly succeeded in stirring the seething pot. But when it comes to lifting the pot off the hot-plate, they draw their hands away. Britain, of course, is every nation's Aunt Sally. Britain, civilisation's beast of burden and honest fool, can't do right. Sometimes I wonder how it would be if, as a gesture, we began to affect a little isolationism ourselves and left some of the seething pots of Europe and the East to be dealt with by the amateurs and theorists, the international Mrs. Beatons, who know exactly how any and every dish should ideally be cooked.

A Holiday From International Politics.—Mr. Churchill's Scots audiences may have differed from some of the views he expressed about the Socialist failures and gambles in office; demobilisation, housing, nationalisation of industry, and so forth. But very few can have dissented from his verdict that what this country needs is a brief holiday from the everlasting and ever-increasingly bitter quarrels and catcalls and squawks from factions and skeleton ideologists among the nations of Europe and elsewhere. Why we should for ever be compelled to carry on our necks these rattling skeleton bones and waste our time and newsprint-space on the loves and hates of all the stray cats in Europe is a riddle insoluble. The answer (we are told) is that we are "all members one of another." It may be the right answer. But even an industrious labourer needs a holiday, staggered or otherwise. And, by heaven, our holiday is overdue!

The Merry Month. — In retrospect a year may seem like a decade, and (oddly enough) a decade as short as a year. A year ago May came in with several degrees of frost and May Day went out sweetly with the news that *Hitler was dead*. Only a year ago . . . and the world seemed suddenly to have become a sweet place again, purged of a decade of filth unmentionable. But the human race, I suppose, is largely composed of gutter-snipes with a well-developed *nostalgie de la boue*. We continue to wallow in slime, throw mud about and haunt the gutters. The merry month comes in again and Hitler might almost as well be breathing and poisoning our air still, for all the sweetness and freshness we enjoy. "O world, as God has made it, all is beauty; And knowing this is love . . ." Can we do nothing about it? Can we do no more than we are doing to disintegrate this hideous old Babel in which we jostle and scramble and brawl, with one atomic bomb of good-will and determination? I suppose we can't. But this foolish reflection came into the minds of some of us as we watched a roe and her fawn across a little pool "brushing with hasty steps the dews away" on May Day, 1946, very early in the morning in West Sussex.

The Great Conciliator.—The value of sunshine is generally understood. We know its importance in producing bumper crops and harvests. We believe it introduces into our systems the vital vitamins even quicker and more effectively than the internal application of black-currant purée and rose-hip syrup. It is said, too, to be a prime conciliator, melting the bitterness and jealousies and prejudices and hates of mankind, mellowing judgment and ripening brotherly love. These claims may be broadly sustainable. I should be the last to deny them, for I am a sun-worshipper who yields to none in fanaticism. It may be due to other concurrent causes that this late record of non-stop weeks of sunshine and blue skies (our premature summer?) has not produced as yet quite 100 per cent. results. The common cold and sore throats seem to thrive on the sunshine, perhaps because the sun was accompanied on its progress by its sister queen, the north-east wind. And the sunshine has not prevented the recent Conferences from debating an abnormal number of heady, narrow-minded or subversive resolutions which little suggest conciliation, harmony or fraternal love. (Perhaps, because these Conferences take place within four walls.) But perhaps we expect too much too soon. We must wait till harvest to judge of one at least of the sun's claims to efficacy; and perhaps September will prove some of its other claims also. Meanwhile, I subscribe myself a sun-worshipper without qualifications or cavil.

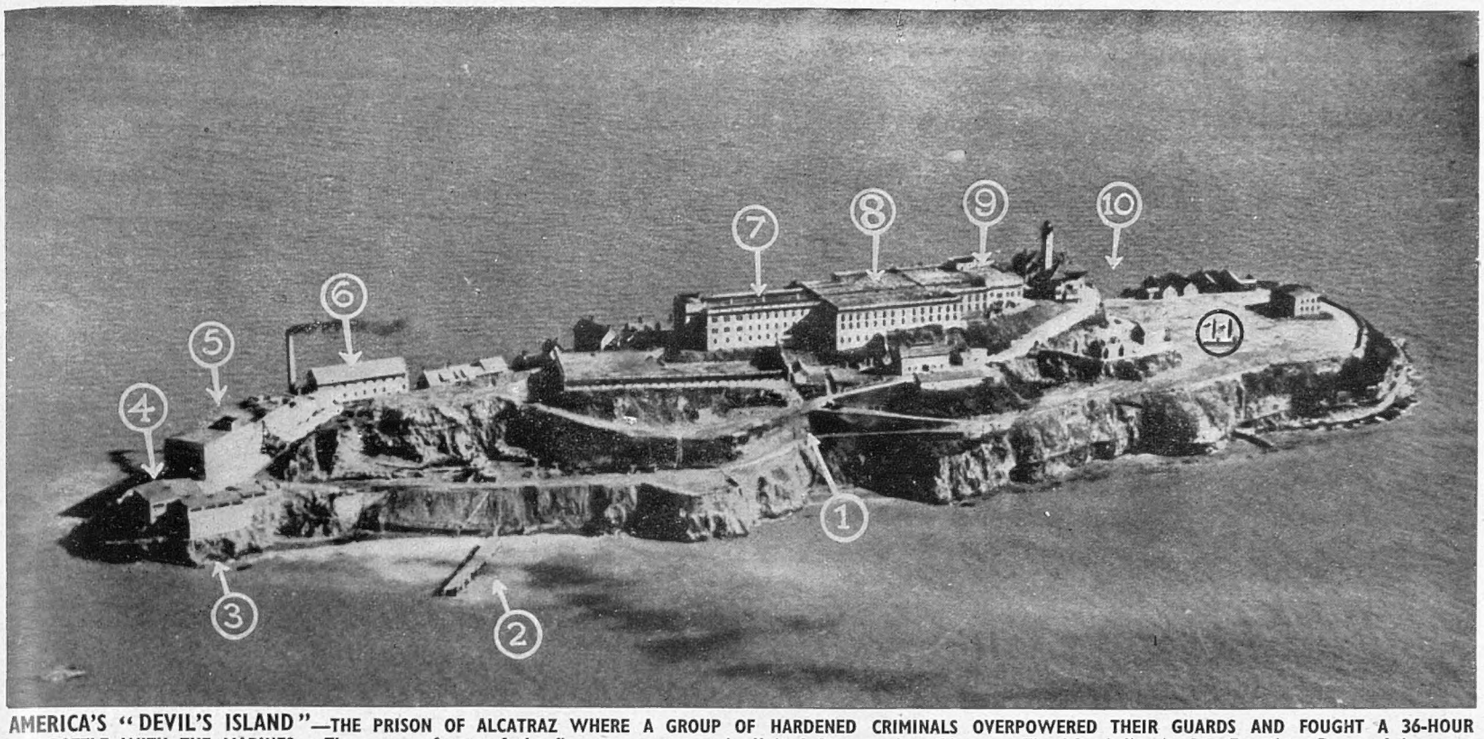
His Bit of Ribbon.—The punctual ploughman and the scholar gipsy, who have waded through the book of words and directives and filled in their claims to the Defence Medal, have (in this county) received very prompt attention. Already many of my neighbours (Home Guardsmen, observers, and so forth) have received their 2 ins. of green and orange and black. And they are very proud of it. But what the devil are they to do with it? Ribbons are designed for show. Mr. Churchill, in the days when stimulus to endurance was very necessary, admitted the fact and acknowledged a well-understood human vanity, by promising that certain days should be decreed for the wearing of medals or ribbons by civilians. But nothing has been heard of the promise since his day. It is a rather cynical fact that 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 men and women who fought on a dozen fronts (and earned a row of ribbons, some of them) have to-day not a single obvious occasion in a year or in their lifetime upon which the wearing of their ribbons could be justified as officially sanctioned or directed, or accomplished without a feeling that they may be accused of vanity. And that is a very great pity and (human nature being what it is) an injustice. A pity, because it is wise that we should remember, once in a way, what war means and what it made of us; a short-sighted, injustice because guarantees and promises made by Governments in times of danger should be honoured to the full in times of peace. I hope my neighbour ploughman and old comrade will be given special dates on which he may sport his well-earned ribbon on his (demilitarised) battledress.



IN THE STEPS OF CARDINAL HINSLEY—THE MOST REV. DAVID MATHEW, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED APOSTOLIC DELEGATE IN AFRICA: He was formerly Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster and now takes the title of Archbishop of Pelusium. Archbishop Mathew, who was sent to Ethiopia on a Papal Mission last year, now holds the post to which the late Cardinal Hinsley was appointed in 1927 and which he carried on with such success that, in Rome, he came to be known as "Africanus." Archbishop Mathew, who was only thirty-six when he first became a bishop, and who is now at forty-four an archbishop, will have no fewer than 3,000,000 Roman Catholics to look after, and he will be responsible for an enormous area, including Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In his early days Archbishop Mathew was a midshipman in the Royal Navy. He has a great reputation as a historian and as a writer on naval subjects

The Island of the Blest. —Eire—the Emerald Isle—has not seldom been colonised by Englishmen. They came there in search of adventure and land even before the reign of Elizabeth. In that reign they came down like the Assyrians. The cadets of English houses raised their troops of horse, and battered their way to landed gentryhood and Irish peerages, being rewarded for their strong-armed energies by vast grants of bog and moor, woodland and farmland. They came again in Cromwell's day, and were glad enough to come and stay and enjoy the sport and the freedom and the go-as-you-please of the Green Island, where these essentials could be had more cheaply than in commercialised and competitive England. And then a day came when the Irishmen rose and smoked out the English rats and burnt down their palaces, and only the shrewder Anglo-Irish families, who had seen the red light in time, got away to England with their pictures and plate and a wad of notes in payment for the lands they managed to dispose of. Ireland knows all there is to know of Time's revenges and changes. Once more the last survivors of the sporting confraternity, to whom field sports and "no damned interference" are the essential ingredients in the "only life fit for a gentleman," are turning their eyes on Eire—that foreign land where some sort of freedom and "go-as-you-please" still exist—and are negotiating to buy back the scorched palaces and surviving castles, there to live out their last years like gentlemen with men of their kidney. The movement is gaining weight. I am almost persuaded to join it. I am by no means sure that we should find a grudging welcome. Certainly, we should receive a less grudging welcome than we got when we first went there—Gores and Ponsonbys—in Elizabeth's reign with our hothead troops of horse. Then we went to coerce; this time we shall go as émigrés to conciliate and to find peace and freedom. It is really very stimulating . . . this new movement! It must tickle the imagination of Canon Hannay (George Birmingham) of Exhibition Road. In his *Red Hand of Ulster* he found a side-splitting solution of the Ulster problem; and here is another solution in reverse and yet as typical of the undying Irish character. The recolonisation of Eire by Englishmen—smiled on by the Irish—may, in a generation or so, bring a peaceful solution to an age-old problem and bring prosperity to the distressful green island, which has managed to preserve the last vestiges of freedom this side of the Atlantic. What an asset to-day on which to cash in!

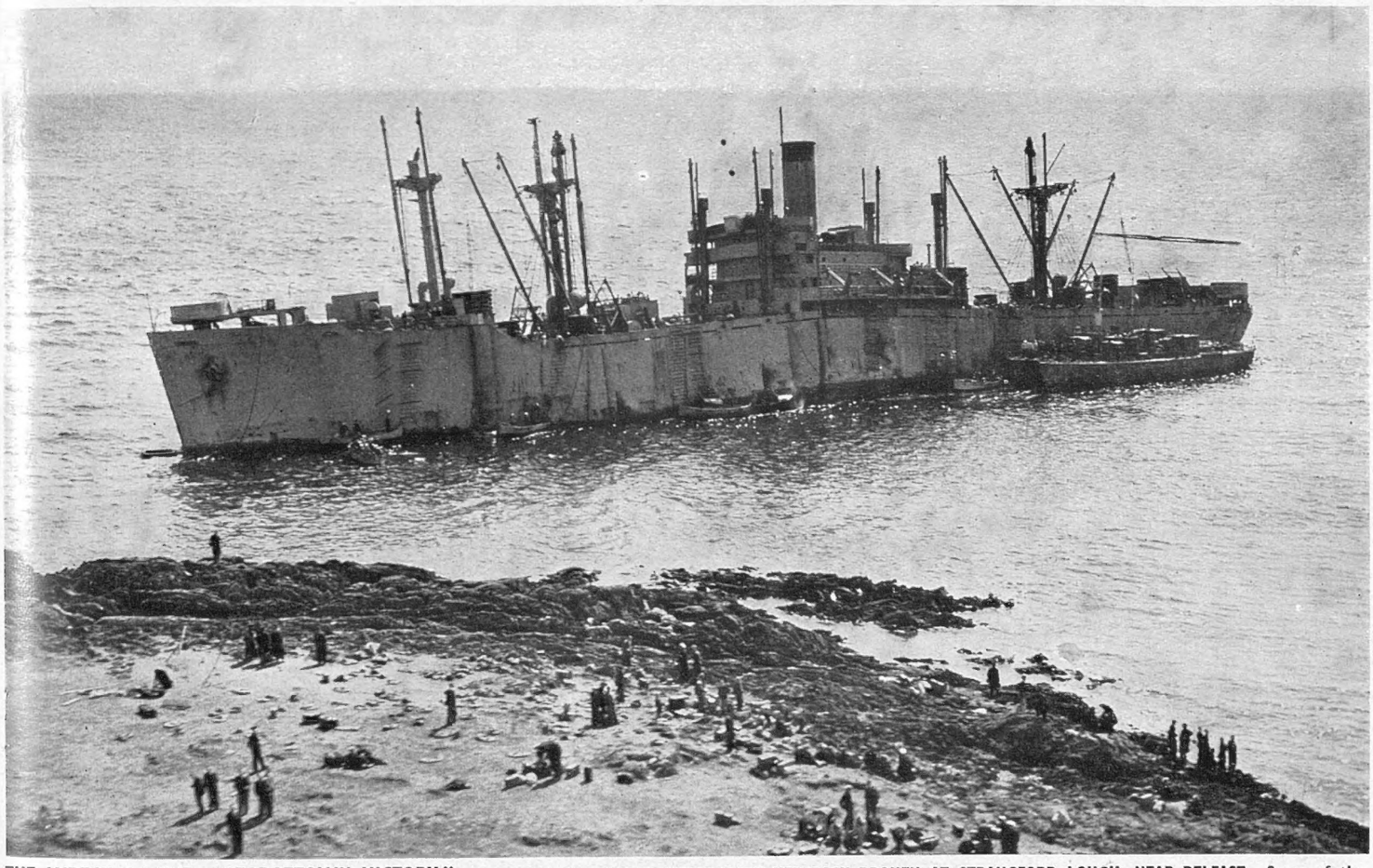
THE OLD STAGER



AMERICA'S "DEVIL'S ISLAND"—THE PRISON OF ALCATRAZ WHERE A GROUP OF HARDENED CRIMINALS OVERPOWERED THEIR GUARDS AND FOUGHT A 36-HOUR BATTLE WITH THE MARINES: The scene of one of the fiercest encounters in United States prison history. The island lies in San Francisco Bay and is swept by swift currents. Escape is deemed almost impossible

THE ALCATRAZ PRISON FIGHT

There have been various reports regarding the battle for Alcatraz waged by a group of hardened criminals against the United States Marines, and some have been much exaggerated but there is no doubt that when the prisoners had overpowered their guards they put up a most determined resistance in their cell block. Although having very limited weapons and ammunition, the prisoners held off for 36 hours 132 marines and prison guards armed with machine-guns and light automatics. The most important factor in the foiling of the escape attempt was that a guard named Miller, one of the two fatally wounded, concealed the master key for opening the electrically-operated doors. If this had been found there would undoubtedly have been a general attempt at breaking out. The numbers in the above picture represent the following parts of the building: 1. Guard tower; 2. wharf; 3. furniture shop; 4. shoe shop; 5. laundry; 6. power house; 7. men's hall and kitchen; 8. main cell blocks (where the attack was concentrated); 9. administration and warden's office; 10. landing dock; 11. guards' recreation yard. When the marines at length entered the cell block, they found the bodies of the three ringleaders, one of them being Paul Cretzer a bank robber and murderer, who wantonly shot Alcatraz guards who had been taken as hostages in the early stages of the battle. If the prisoners had continued to hold out until last Monday morning a plan of dislodgment prepared by General Joseph Stilwell would have been put into operation



THE WRECK OF THE "GEORGETOWN VICTORY"—THE 7,600-TON VESSEL LYING WITH HER BACK BROKEN AT STRANGFORD LOUGH, NEAR BELFAST: Some of the 1,400 passengers, 1,100 of them British sailors, are seen escaping from the ship and assembled on shore with the few belongings they managed to save

A TROOPSHIP BREAKS HER BACK

When the United States troopship *Georgetown Victory*, a vessel of 7,600 tons, left Sydney, Australia, she had on board 1,100 British sailors who were returning to Britain for demobilisation. The *Georgetown Victory* reached British waters without mishap, but at Killard Point, Strangford Lough, 25 miles south of Belfast, she struck the rocks in the early hours of the morning and, as the tide receded, the vessel broke her back. The Newcastle, Claughey and Donaghadee lifeboats went to the assistance of the vessel and with the ship's own lifeboats plied a shuttle service, the 1 100 sailors, together with the crew, and what kit they could save, being all put ashore in safety. Meanwhile in the waterlogged holds of the wreck presents worth thousands of pounds—brought from Australia for relatives—were floating about in the water. It was announced later that attempts would be made to save some of the parcels. The 1,100 wrecked sailors, who had hoped to be in Glasgow on May Day, were conveyed to Belfast by special train. The naval authorities at Greenock then had the *Princess Iris* diverted to Belfast and the draft was thus able to reach its destination no more than twenty-four hours late

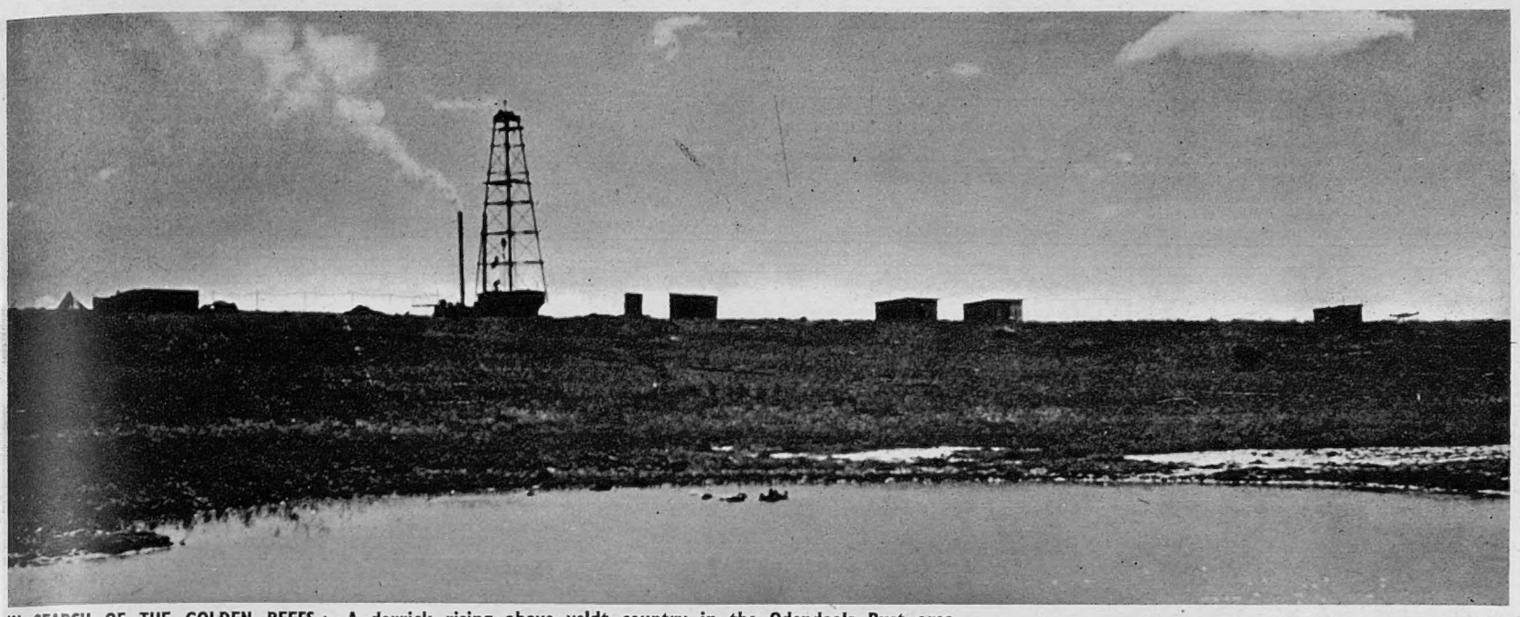
ODENDAALS RUST TO-DAY : It was near this little dorp in the Orange Free State that engineers recently made a spectacular borehole strike, returning the astonishing assay value of 68·6 ozs. of gold per ton. Shares in Orange Free State issues leapt skyward, and before long Odendaals Rust, with its white population of under 400, was besieged by visitors. It is now regarded as certain that Odendaals Rust is the centre of a vast new goldfield

GOLD-RUSH DORP

First Pictures from Odendaals Rust, in the Northern Orange Free State

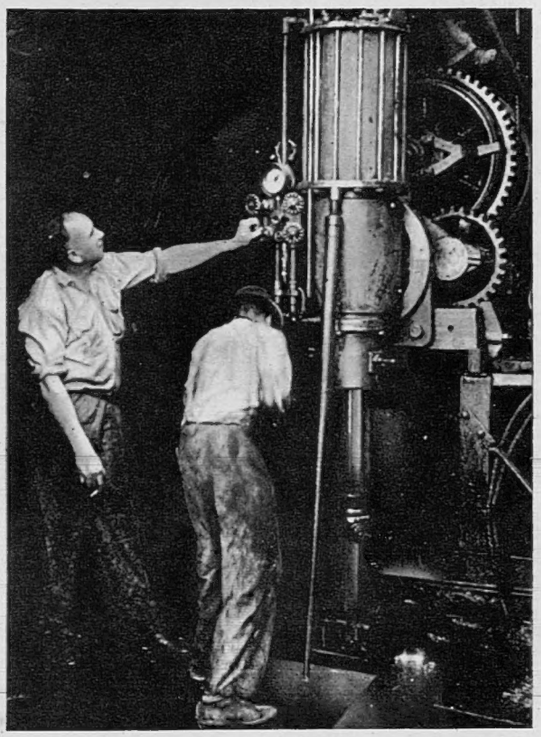
The astonishing gold strike at Odendaals Rust, which set the share markets of London and Johannesburg ablaze, was isolated in its vast extent, but at the same time it formed a vital link in the chain of borehole evidence that has gone to prove during the past seven years that this area is a goldfield of immense richness. The future of the Orange Free State goldfield is now assured, but years of reef development will be necessary before the new mines come into operation. Meanwhile Odendaals Rust, a quiet dorp, living almost wholly in the past and typical of all Boer villages of the Orange Free State, has leapt into world-fame. Land speculators are rushing to buy options on the surface rights, and business men are planning to open hotels, hairdressing saloons, restaurants and cinemas to meet the needs of the big population of mine-workers which will inevitably be congregated in the area as each new mine is launched into existence. Whether Odendaals Rust will become another Johannesburg only time can tell. Already seven Odendaals Rust goldmining companies have been registered at Pretoria

WHERE GOLD MEN FORGATHER—THE CENTRE OF LIFE IN ONCE-QUIET ODENDAALS RUST : Cars parked outside the Commercial Hotel, at present the only inn in this coming boom town of the Northern Orange Free State. It is widely believed that Odendaals Rust will one day rival Johannesburg in size and importance, and already arrangements have been made to link the town to the main Johannesburg-Bloemfontein railway track. Property in and around the dorp has leapt to fantastic figures, and farmers are holding out for ever higher sums before disposing of their surface rights. This picture was taken during the Easter week-end when there was quite a rush of visitors, and the mayor had to answer innumerable enquiries from people wishing to set up in business in the district. Last week in Pretoria, the administrative capital of the South African Union, seven new goldmining companies were registered in the Odendaals Rust area, but it will be several years before they come into production. The first shaft will be sunk by the St. Helena Company, a subsidiary of Western Holdings



IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN REEFS: A derrick rising above veldt country in the Odendaals Rust area, where a number of companies have been drilling to ascertain the value, depth and direction of the reefs. Borehole results have revealed a high payability over a wide area, and one spectacular result

SHE KEEPS HOUSE IN THE AFRICAN WILDERNESS: Mrs. Vera Mackenzie, wife of David Mackenzie, who was in charge of the borehole which produced the spectacular assay value at Odendaals Rust. Mr. Mackenzie's derrick can be seen through the window. He was engaged in drilling at the junction of the Western Holdings and Blinkpoort properties



THE BLINKPOORT-WESTERN HOLDINGS DRILL IN ACTION: Mr. Mackenzie (left) operating the drill which struck the Odendaals Rust reef, producing an assay value of 22,000 dwts., a borehole of astonishing richness

BACK TO THE DAYS OF BRET HARTE: Mr. Fritz Bartsch, proprietor of the only hotel in Odendaals Rust, talking with an old-timer in the bar of the Commercial. He plans to build a modern hotel in order to accommodate some of the thousands of visitors to the gold-field

A KEY MAN IN THE SEARCH FOR GOLD: Mr. F. J. Simmons, seen at his encampment on the veldt, is a sectional foreman working on behalf of the Free State Development concern, and he spends his day going from borehole to borehole checking up on the work of the operatives. His particular company has disclosed a high degree of payability in certain parts of the Odendaals Rust area, discovering the reef at comparatively shallow depths, which will make for low production costs. Several more boreholes are being sunk to gain an even fuller idea of the direction of the reefs, but it will not be long before actual shaft-sinking is begun on some properties

JAPANESE WOMEN ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT

Thirty-eight Candidates out of Eighty Were Successful in the Recent General Election

Japan has held her first General Election since her defeat, and the result has been a decisive victory for the Conservative elements in the country. The parties of the right have now combined to form a Government, and it will be their policy to preserve the rights of property and ownership, uphold the Emperor and carry out Anglo-American plans for reconstruction. By far the most significant feature of the election was the demonstration of the power which women will hold in the future politics of Japan. Women, against all expectations, cast more than one-third of the total vote, and of the eighty women candidates thirty-eight were elected

THE EMANCIPATION OF JAPANESE WOMEN: A woman candidate—one of the thirty-eight elected to the new Japanese Parliament—addressing voters outside a Tokyo factory prior to the recent General Election. Women not only had a great success at the polls, but the number of feminine voters was far in excess of anticipations—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

CHINESE DEMONSTRATE IN TOKYO: These Chinese soldiers and civilians carried flags and banners in a procession through the streets of Tokyo to Hibiya Park during a recent anti-Soviet demonstration. It would appear that these Chinese are former captives of the Japanese who have not yet been repatriated, and they are still quartered in the Japanese capital

ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL WOMEN CANDIDATES IN THE JAPANESE ELECTION: Miss Shizuo Yamaguchi, a member of the Japanese Socialist Party, being acclaimed by friends and relatives after her election to the Japanese Parliament. She represents one of the Tokyo constituencies where there was a considerable Socialist poll

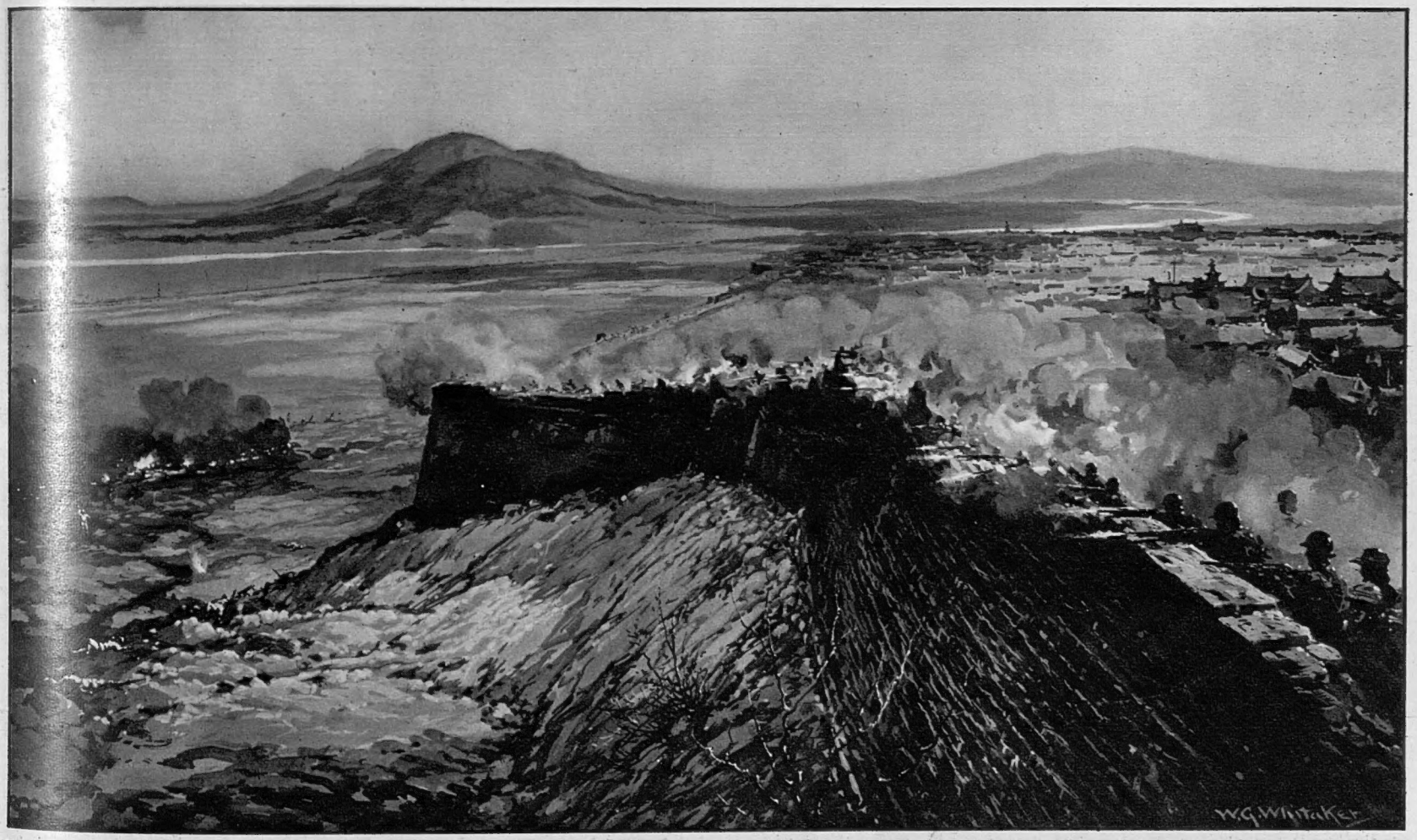
***On right*—THEIR WAR IS ONLY JUST OVER: Part of a group of forty renegade Japanese soldiers who have been living in the mountains and jungles of Lubang Island, 75 miles south of Manila, capital of the Philippines. The outlaws were taken into custody by a unit of the 86th Infantry Division, United States Army, after more than 100,000 leaflets had been dropped warning them of the futility of further resistance to the American occupying force.** For a long time the Japanese refused to believe the war was over, and thought that the efforts to induce their surrender were nothing more than a ruse. They were finally persuaded by a Japanese prisoner of war, a former Army captain, who was sent among them with a truce flag. The captives were in a very ragged and filthy condition, but they had managed to "live on the country" without difficulty

HARBIN CHANGES HANDS—THE MANCHURIAN CITY ON THE SUNGARI RIVER WHICH HAS BEEN EVACUATED BY THE RUSSIANS AND TAKEN OVER BY THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS: A diagrammatic sketch of the riverside section of the city showing the main bridge carrying the Trans-Siberian Railway to Moscow. After the Russians had evacuated Harbin towards the end of April, the Chinese Communists immediately took possession and issued an ultimatum to the Chinese Nationalists, indicating that if they wanted Harbin and Changchun they would have to fight for them—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

CIVIL WAR IN MANCHURIA

Chinese Communists and Nationalists Clash Once Again

Just as events in war-torn China appeared to be taking a new turn and Communists and Nationalists, under the guidance of the American Ambassador, General Marshall, were seeking a joint constitution and the creation of a united nation, the old animosities flared up again in Manchuria. As the Russians continued their northward evacuation, Chinese Communist forces stepped in. The city of Harbin, on the Sungari, was occupied without a shot being fired, while a big battle took place against the outnumbered Nationalist defenders of Changchun. At least 30,000 Communists were said to be under arms, and they seemed cock-a-hoop over their initial successes against Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's men. General Marshall's attempts at mediation scored no initial success, and it appeared at the beginning of May that the situation was deteriorating rapidly



THE BATTLE FOR CHANGCHUN—CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS ATTEMPTING TO HOLD OUT IN THE MANCHURIAN CAPITAL: Firing a volley from the old battlements against the first Communist attack on the city. Later Changchun fell, and the remnants of the Nationalists withdrew—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In April the sudden appearance of large bodies of Chinese Communist troops in Manchuria caused widespread alarm, and later in the month their intention was made plain when they occupied towns and cities in the province following in the wake of the Russian evacuation. At Changchun, the Manchurian capital, the Communists met opposition from General Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist troops and a fierce battle for the city ensued. Eventually the walls were scaled and the Communists penetrated deep into the city, penning their opponents into one quarter, from which they eventually withdrew, leaving about half their number killed or injured. It was at once realised that the consequences of this fight for possession of Changchun would be of the greatest seriousness, connoting a resumption of the long-drawn-out civil war and, needless to say, the complete breakdown of the negotiations in Chungking for the creation of a united China. After their victory at Changchun and their occupation of Harbin the Communists showed no immediate desire to negotiate

GERMAN WOMEN FEAR PUBLIC LIFE

They are in the Majority To-day, But They Still Hold Back From Accepting Authority

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ANYONE traversing Germany is struck by the glaring excess of females over males. The main difference between town and country is that the females are healthier in the latter—positively blooming most of the time, from middle-age down to bobby-socks.

War losses, the continued captivity or absence of males, and the herding of women without men from east and south, have produced in a country of normal female predominance the astonishing ratio of 9 women to 5 men—and the picture is rendered the sharper by the sorry state of so many of the males. This is the estimate of Rear-Admiral Baillie-Grohman, of the Schleswig Staff, and it is borne out by figures from the Russian sector of Berlin—170 women to 100 men—as given me by the chief German woman under the Soviet Occupation, Frau Sprengel.

One of the things I thought I 'd look into this time was whether there was any possibility of integrating German women with the flow of events in Germany, with public and local life, rehabilitation and reorientation of the mind. They seemed to be standing so utterly aside ; this immense, preponderant feminine mass. I found, in the British zone, that the possibility was already being acted upon. But, before coming to that, here is the stock *résumé* with which the enquirer is faced :

" German women always followed their men and played practically no part outside family life and the home. When the Nazis came to power in 1933, they accentuated this situation. They virtually banished women from any intellectual process. The result is that German women are twice over unsuited and unprepared to take any part in public affairs."

Yet there seemed to be two flaws in this. Firstly, what of the young German women who were able to follow a full intellectual life under the Weimar Republic, for a good decade from 1922 to 1932 ? They would be in the middle-forties now. And secondly, a whole lot of young Nazi women did some very hard thinking—the kind that entered the various Nazi services open to women, and Government offices. They would be mostly in the middle-thirties. What had become of these two active types of German woman ? Had they been rendered as passive and unthinking, as empty, as the vast majority of their sex now evidently were ?

When I called on the Editor of the *British Zone Review*, I found him sending to interview one Frau Bahnisch on this very subject, and it was understood I should include the result. This woman is the exact Weimar type. Now aged forty-six, she went right ahead in civil service jobs from 1920 to 1933, with the result that she is able to occupy much the most important post yet given to a German woman in our zone—that of Vice-President of the Hanover Region, equalling several English counties. Here is her assessment of contemporary German women :

" They have so much trouble making do with the food rationing, and spend so long standing in queues, that they have no time and no thoughts for anything outside their homes. The German woman is very dejected. Most women have not much hope for the future—they think it will merely be bad. When the war ended they were very happy ; it meant the end at last of the air raids and that peace had arrived. They now find that the peace is worse than the war.

" When there were air raids and houses were destroyed, they say, Hitler took care of them. Food was provided ; beds also. They thought, ' Well, anyway, there is someone who takes care of us.' Now they feel there is no one. They feel the English and the Americans do not care for them ; they do not know what the future holds ; so they are losing their spirit and are saying helplessly that things must just be left to take their course."

For like reason, it followed that none save a few middle-aged women (as Frau Bahnisch herself) had any attitude towards politics. Women decline to join any party, because of uncertainty as to where it will stand a few years hence. They joined the Nazi Party. Result : they are to-day penalised. Supposing the same thing recurred if they joined another party now ? In other words, the complete wait-and-see, with German women indefinitely as non-fare-paying passengers co-operating only where their material interests are at stake.

Hitler promised them a Victory House, and the dread thing is that, picking at the rubble of their homes, they still think regretfully of Hitler. Our No. 1 German Woman fears that her emancipated contemporaries can do little or nothing ; are too few, or vanished, or worn out.

I took the matter up, in Berlin, with the Russians' No. 1 German Woman, with much the same result. Frau Sprengel, a fresh-complexioned, spectacled, close-cropped, fair woman of about thirty-seven, is one of the six leaders of Berlin's Russianised Municipal Council, which conducts local government in all four Allied sectors of the capital. Her job is a form of dictatress over Labour wages and laws, and she told me, rather diffidently, that she had been a Communist only three weeks. She thought it best for Berliners in their existing plight, and had only decided after long and deep reflection. Here is her considered opinion :

" With the German woman so long used to taking no decisions, it will be a long time before she 'll accept any responsibility. The housework is so difficult that she has no strength left for trade union work, even if she had the opportunity and the inclination. Any reorientation [the German expression for our prim " re-education "] of mind will be very hard, because of her discontent and her emptiness. *Kein Inhalt !* She finds no sense to life and is become a fatalist. ' Give me food ! Give me a mate ! Let the rest go hang—we can do nothing about it.' There are many so, and the one way to give them a meaning to life is by first relieving their two great worries : help them in the house by providing communal kitchens and clothes to wear."

I asked if Berlin's women Communists showed the same fatalistic acceptance, and Frau Sprengel hung her head. " There are not many. Less than a quarter of our enrolled Communists in the Russian sector of the city are women, and not all are sincere."

I should add that, when I discussed German women with the Communist Oberbürgermeister of Essen, Heinz Renner, he likewise waved German Communist women aside as a political factor. He went one further. Pointing to his forehead, he said that everything these times was being decided by a *very* few brains and implied that local Party members were so much of a staged chorus.

The most interesting part of my talk with Frau Sprengel—for me, at any rate—came when she told of young German women wearing Swastika signs and other insignia of their Nazi flapperhood, concealed on their coats and frocks. For this produced an answer to that second flaw in the " German women are not political animals " argument. My advised informant appeared to think that the one kind of German woman who *is* working at politics, in touch with young male Nazis and countering the Allies' attempts with German children, is the fanatical female who held a position in the Third Reich.

The Russians removed some of her kind, but in the other Allied zones she has been allowed to roam at large, as if being of no potential danger or even influence—these fiery young women in their tens of thousands, if you recall the variety of services that were open to them. Moreover, they naturally were good-lookers, in the great majority, and had thus gained first entry into Allied offices, messes, and so forth, where they 'd arrange so that butter didn't melt in their mouths.

A highly rarefied few W.I.F.s (Fräuleins) have latterly been arrested, like Maria Thekea, Hitler's secretary. But this raises the whole question of the value of further punitive treatment of Germans as a means of political and other correction. The high naval officer I quoted earlier wants an answer to the same problem. " What about the female Nazis ? " he asks. " What is the principle which governs their treatment ? How many are still bringing evil influences to bear in the home ? How many of them are locked up ? "

Maybe a wiser tack could be : answer the main request made by both Frau Bahnisch and Frau Sprengel. Says the former : " A solution might be that the young men who were prominent in the Hitler Jugend should be sent to education camps, where they would receive instruction in the true history of Germany and the history of England and America. In this way they can be shown how much was wrong with the Germany they knew." By the same token, former prominent young women who were prominent in the Bund Deutscher Maedel (Society of German Girls), might also be taken to education camps—instead of to internment.

As for Frau Sprengel, she reeled off a list of subjects she would gladly hold readings from for the benefit of Berlin women, if the books could be sent from England. She wants the latest English political, economic, psychological, sociological and evolutionary works. In English.

Meanwhile, it is primarily in the British zone that German women are being identified ever so slightly with public life. Although our official attitude is passive towards giving them a better voice, the first woman mayoress has been appointed at Kuhnen, in Schleswig, and the first woman Town Clerk, in adjacent Rehhorst. One municipal council in Schleswig—which plays an important role in our Occupation—is composed entirely of women. The reason given is that all the local men were either Nazis or unsuitable. What one would like to know, therefore, is : How are the women doing ?

In the Hamburg Burgerschaft, or Parliament, of 81, I found the names of only two women. Still, no such thing had even been dreamt of in the long, free past of the Burgerschaft. Although not a great many women are at present coming forward to serve on local councils, the few who have been willing to accept office so far represent a minor revolution in German local affairs.

Unfortunately, the female story is not bright over education. Not only is there strong opposition in the rural areas to the employment of women teachers, but women themselves are " showing unnecessary diffidence in voicing their opinions or shouldering responsibilities in conferences and elsewhere " ; and it is not difficult to discern that same fear of backing the wrong horse again, which I instanced in the case of the vast majority of German women.

Finally, there are 100 fully-trained German policewomen, with a further 190 training or being recruited.

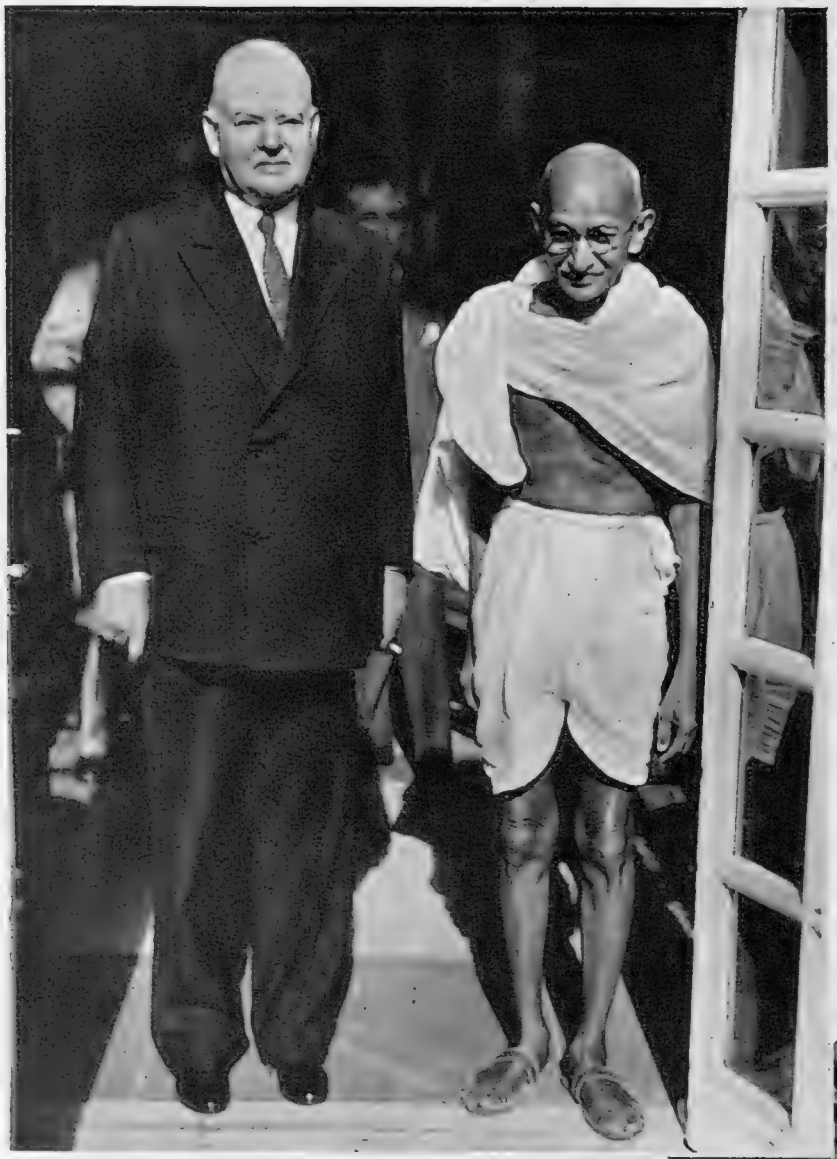
AMONG THE EXCEPTIONS : Two of the twenty-five German policewomen engaged in traffic duties in Weimar in the Soviet-occupied zone of Thuringia. During his recent tour of Germany Ferdinand Tuohy found that women, although in the majority in the country, are on the whole unwilling to accept responsibility and authority. Many of them still cling to the idea that their place is in the home, while others are too preoccupied with rationing problems to think about public work at all

BRITAIN'S LATEST BATTLESHIP NEGOTIATING THE CLYDE BENDS: *Above and below*—H.M.S. "Vanguard," in charge of tugs, on her 14-mile river journey to the sea before running her trials in northern waters. She was built at Messrs. John Brown's shipyard, Clydebank, at a cost of £11,000,000 and launched by Princess Elizabeth in 1944

H.M.S. "VANGUARD" GOES DOWN TO THE SEA

Britain's Mightiest Warship Makes Her Stately Progress Along the Clyde Before Running Her Trials

Last week H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's newest and most powerful battleship, negotiated the tricky bends of the Clyde, her great superstructure towering above the surrounding fields as she made her stately progress down to the sea preparatory to running her trials. For the occasion the river had to be closed to all other traffic until the *Vanguard* came into more open waters at Greenock. The 42,000-ton battleship has eight 15-in. guns, and her design embodies many lessons learnt during the war. Captain W. G. Agnew, the first commander of the *Vanguard*, is a gunnery expert, and he was one of the best-known of the Navy's war-time captains, having been in command of the celebrated cruiser *Aurora* in the Mediterranean in 1941-42, carrying out many dashing exploits at a time when British fortunes were low. The *Vanguard* was launched by Princess Elizabeth in 1944, and she will also be present at the battleship's commissioning ceremony following the trials. In 1947 the *Vanguard* will take the Royal Family on the South African tour



GANDHI RECEIVES A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR : The Mahatma and Mr. Hoover, former Republican President of the United States, leaving Viceregal Lodge, Delhi, after they had held a joint conference with the Viceroy on the current food situation in India. Mr. Hoover, who has warned the Allies of the great peril of starvation now existing in India, has had long experience in food administration, and, after the war of 1914-18, he was Chairman of the American Association for Relieving European Distress

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS DISEMBARK AT KOWLOON : N.C.O.s and men of the celebrated Scottish regiment arriving at the port of Hong Kong when en route to Japan as members of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force. On reaching Kowloon the Camerons took part in a march-past through the main streets, the salute being taken by Major-General Festing. These men formed part of the main body of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force. The advance parties reached Japan in February, and since then they have been preparing quarters in the area round Hiroshima. B.C.O.F. consists of 35,000 British, Australian, New Zealand and Indian troops

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

Mr. Hoover Sees Mahatma Gandhi
The Camerons at Kowloon : Rheims Commemorates the Great Surrender
The Growth of Modern Washington

THIS IS "THE MAN" BILBO : Senator Theodore Bilbo, Democratic member of the United States Senate for Mississippi, who attempted to block discussion on the British Loan by staging a filibuster. The Senator spoke for many hours against the loan, and for an even longer period he merely held up proceedings by holding the floor, talking on any subject that came into his head. He has been much attacked by his own countrymen, and members of the Mississippi Legislature have even declared that he "is unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a Legislative body"

FROM NOW ONWARDS A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE : The modern red-brick schoolhouse at Rheims, where the Germans signed the instrument of surrender terminating the Second World War on May 7, 1945, has now been made into a permanent museum by the French authorities. *On right*—A view of the main entrance, with a notice pointing to the Shaef War Room, in which the historic documents were signed

After the war of 1914-18, the terms of surrender were signed in a railway carriage in the Forest of Compiègne, and it was in that same railway carriage that Hitler received the defeated French in 1940. When Germany in turn went down to defeat in 1945, General Eisenhower summoned the beaten representatives of the Wehrmacht to Rheims, and in the red-brick building of the Rheims Modern Technical College they put their signatures to the instrument of surrender. The room at Rheims where the ceremony took place is now being preserved as a museum, with everything appearing as it did on the momentous day of capitulation. The polished black-topped table at which the Germans sat has been marked out with the names of those taking part, and, among other things, the visitor can also see the air operations map, marked up for the last day of hostilities, and a copy of the Daily War Room Summary announcing the capitulation

ARGENTINA'S NEW PRESIDENT AND THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND: Colonel Juan Péron seen on a yachting trip with his wife, popularly known as Eva Duarte, the actress and radio entertainer. Colonel Péron's recent successes at the polls have made him virtual Dictator of Argentina, and he has pledged himself to a programme of "popular reforms." One of his first acts on coming into power was to sign a trade agreement with General Franco's Spanish Republic, giving Spain the opportunity of buying large quantities of Argentinian wheat

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AS IT WAS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY: An overhead view of the environs of Washington over forty years ago, when the capital of the United States was only on the verge of the vast development which has since taken place. A comparison between this picture and that reproduced below shows how mere mud-tracks have now become broad boulevards lined with stately buildings

On right—It was through the influence of George Washington that a site for a capital of the United States was selected in 1790 on the borders of Maryland and Virginia, and, having been separated from these commonwealths, it was set up as a territory directly dependent on Congress. The capital was laid out by a French engineer officer, Major L'Enfant; it was named after the first President, and in 1800 the U.S. Government moved in. At first Washington's growth was slow, but as the Federal Government gained in authority and importance in its dealings with the States, so did the population of the city expand. With the coming of the Roosevelt era in 1932, when the State played such an increasingly vital part in the management of industry, Washington went ahead by leaps and bounds, while at the beginning of Roosevelt's fourth term, when war activities were at their peak, the capital was thronged with Civil Servants as never before. A comparison of the pictures on the right, taken at an interval of over forty years, is a very true reflection of the general growth of the city

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AS IT IS TO-DAY: A picture of Constitution Avenue, Washington, in 1946, taken on the same site as the picture taken at the turn of the century and reproduced at the top of this page. On the left are the numerous buildings of the Navy Department, and on the right, where there was once a race-track, is Constitution Hall. Washington grew rapidly under the Roosevelt New Deal administration

REBUILDING THE PORTICO OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM AT VALLETTA: Men engaged in repairing damage wrought during the war years, when Malta was the object of unflagging assaults from the air. The huge slabs of stone are hoisted to the balcony with the same type of crude winch as the builders employed when the cathedral was completed nearly four centuries ago. The rock is locally quarried

THE ACCENT ON "EX"—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT A U.N.O. MEETING: Two pictures taken in the Strangers Gallery at a recent session of the Security Council. ***Left***—Dr. Fernando Lies, the exiled Spanish Republican, in conversation with Colonel Batista, former President and Dictator of Cuba. ***Right***—Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, former British War Minister, and his wife watching the proceedings. Colonel Batista surprised the world in the '30's when, as a sergeant in the Cuban Army, he became the strong man of several successive Cuban Governments

A REVOLUTION IN THE SKYWAYS

Flying Wing and Rotating Wing Aircraft Have Come to Stay

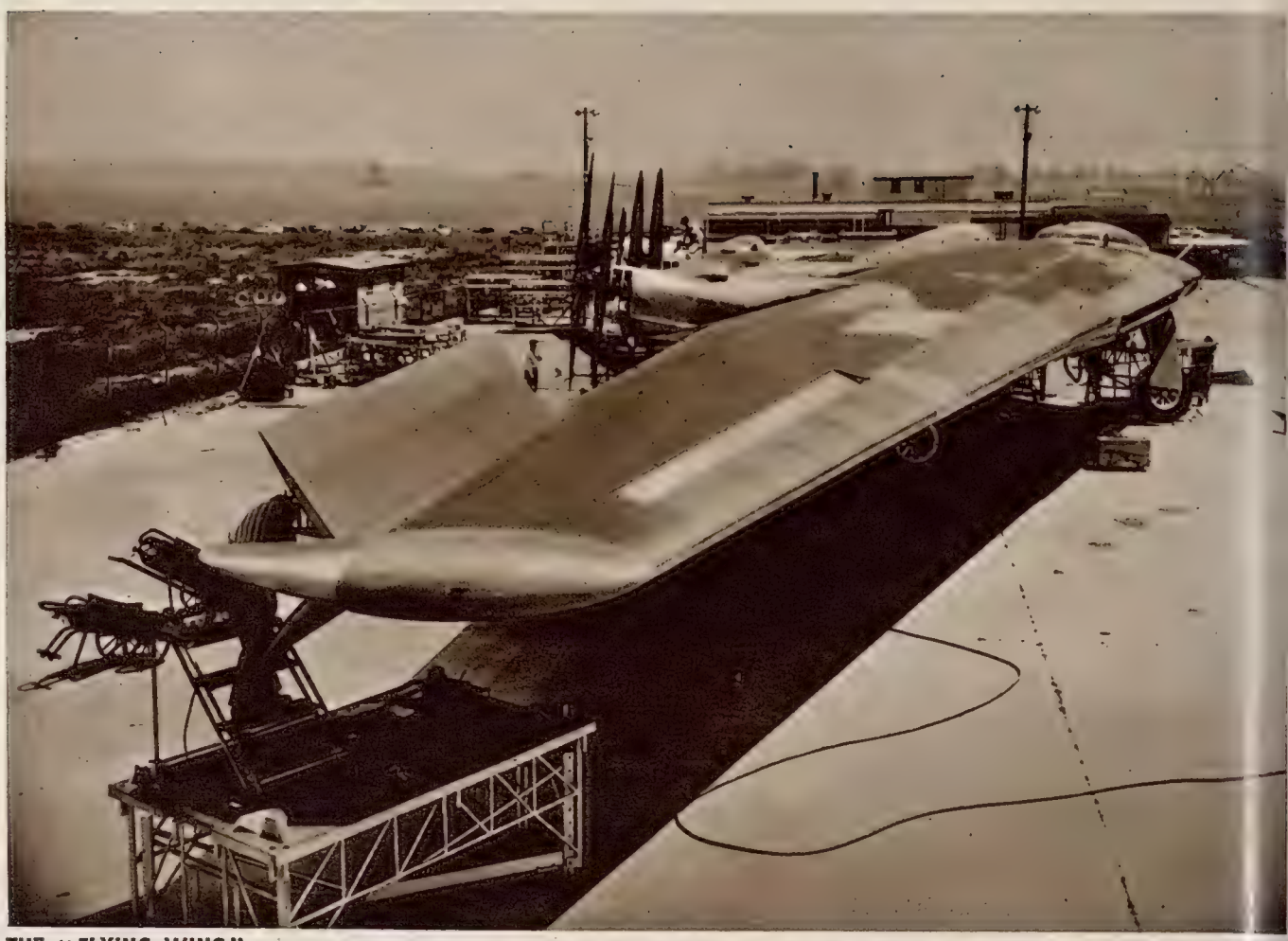
The idea that an aeroplane should have two wings, a fuselage and a tail unit has come to be so largely accepted that it came as a shock to many last week when the United States Army announced that it was introducing a Northrop bomber of unprecedented design, having neither fuselage nor tail, and really consisting of one giant wing; while equally unorthodox are the experiments now being made by the Bell Aircraft Company, which is developing the helicopter, or rotating-wing aircraft.

The "Flying Wing," which is now undergoing its ground trials at Northrop's works at Hawthorne, California, weighs 104 tons, and it is claimed that it can carry more bombs farther and faster than any other aircraft, even exceeding many fighters in the matter of speed.

The "Flying Wing" was first conceived by John K. Northrop twenty-three years ago. It carries a crew of fifteen; it has eight bomb-bays for sixty bombs, and from wing-tip to wing-tip it measures 172 ft. Even with a substantial bomb-load the makers claim that it can remain aloft for 10,000 miles.

Before going into production with the XB 35, Northrop's carried out a series of tests with two-engined models, and it was the success of these tests that prompted the United States Army to place an order for fifteen of the four-engined machines. The first XB 35 will be flown for the first time next month at the United States Army Airfield at Muroc.

Helicopters have also been much in the news of late, and rotating-wing aircraft are being developed both in Britain and the United States. Their use for inter-city postal services has long been adumbrated in America.

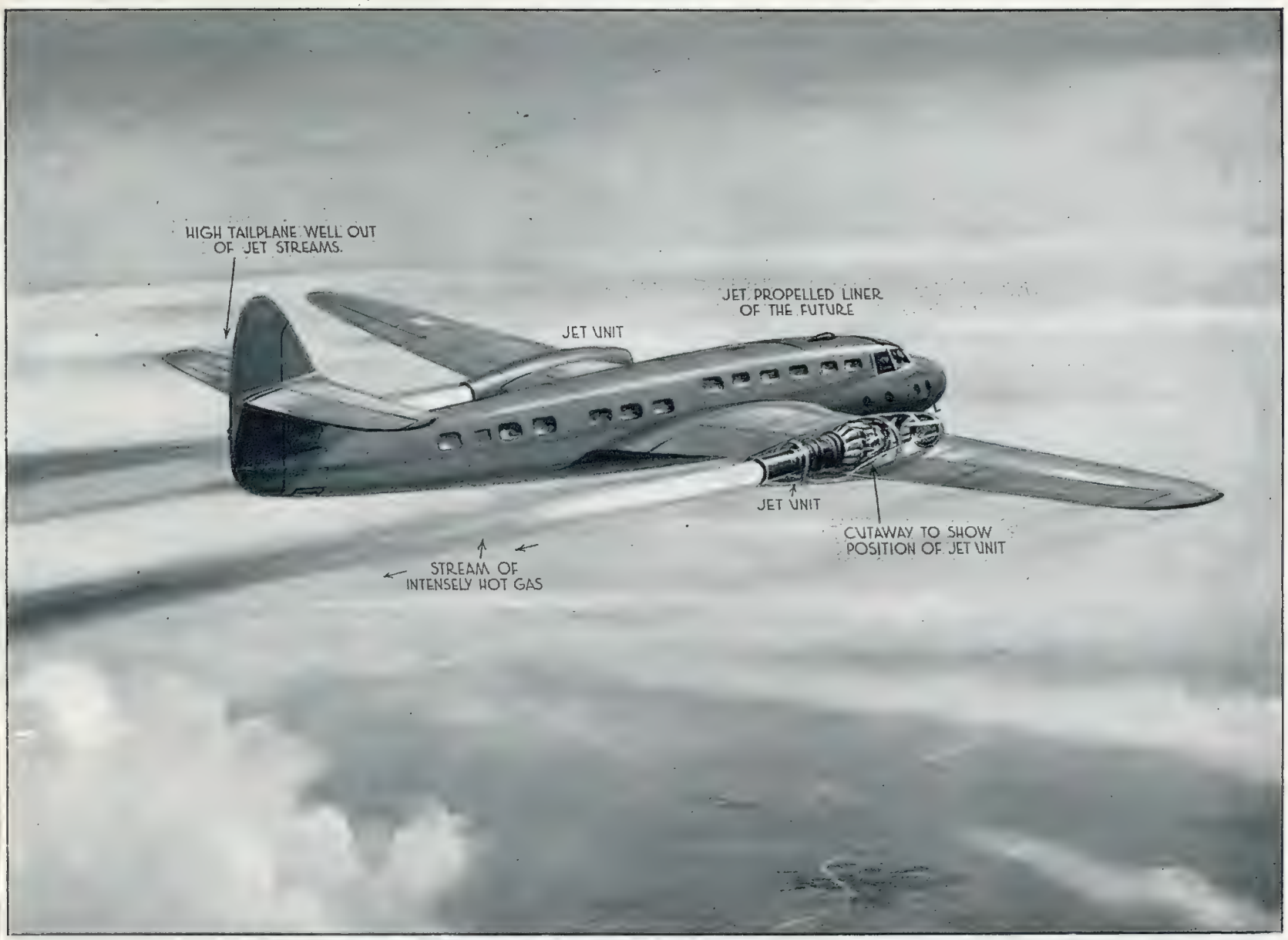


THE "FLYING WING"—A GIANT NEW AMERICAN BOMBER OF UNORTHODOX DESIGN, WHICH IS PLANNED TO CARRY MORE BOMBS FARTHER AND FASTER THAN ANY OTHER AIRCRAFT: It has neither tail nor fuselage and when loaded the "Flying Wing" weighs 104 tons, but it is claimed that it can achieve greater speeds than many existing fighters. The machine's official name is the XB 35

SHAPED LIKE A GIGANTIC BOOMERANG: A two-engined "Flying Wing" built at Northrop's, California, as the experimental forerunner of the four-engined machine XB 35. This machine, known as the NIM, has flown successfully many times, fully demonstrating the potentialities of the tailless aircraft

A NEW DESIGN IN ROTATING-WING AIRCRAFT: The Bell Aircraft Corporation's Model No. 42 hovering a few feet above the Bell flying field during a test flight. This machine is designed for five passengers, and is one of several models which have just been introduced by the Company. The helicopter is now regarded as a commercial proposition and the Bell concern is planning to produce at least 500 this year. In addition to their possibilities for postal work and as taxis, a firm of chemists has decided to buy a machine to meet emergency orders

A "FLYING WING" IN FLIGHT: The two-engined N9M, forerunner of the four-engined XB 35, making a test flight over California with test pilot John Myers at the controls. This was the last of the 60-ft. scale models built and exhaustively tested by Northrop's at Hawthorne, California, before they finally decided to go into production with the even more elaborate, four-engined XB 35



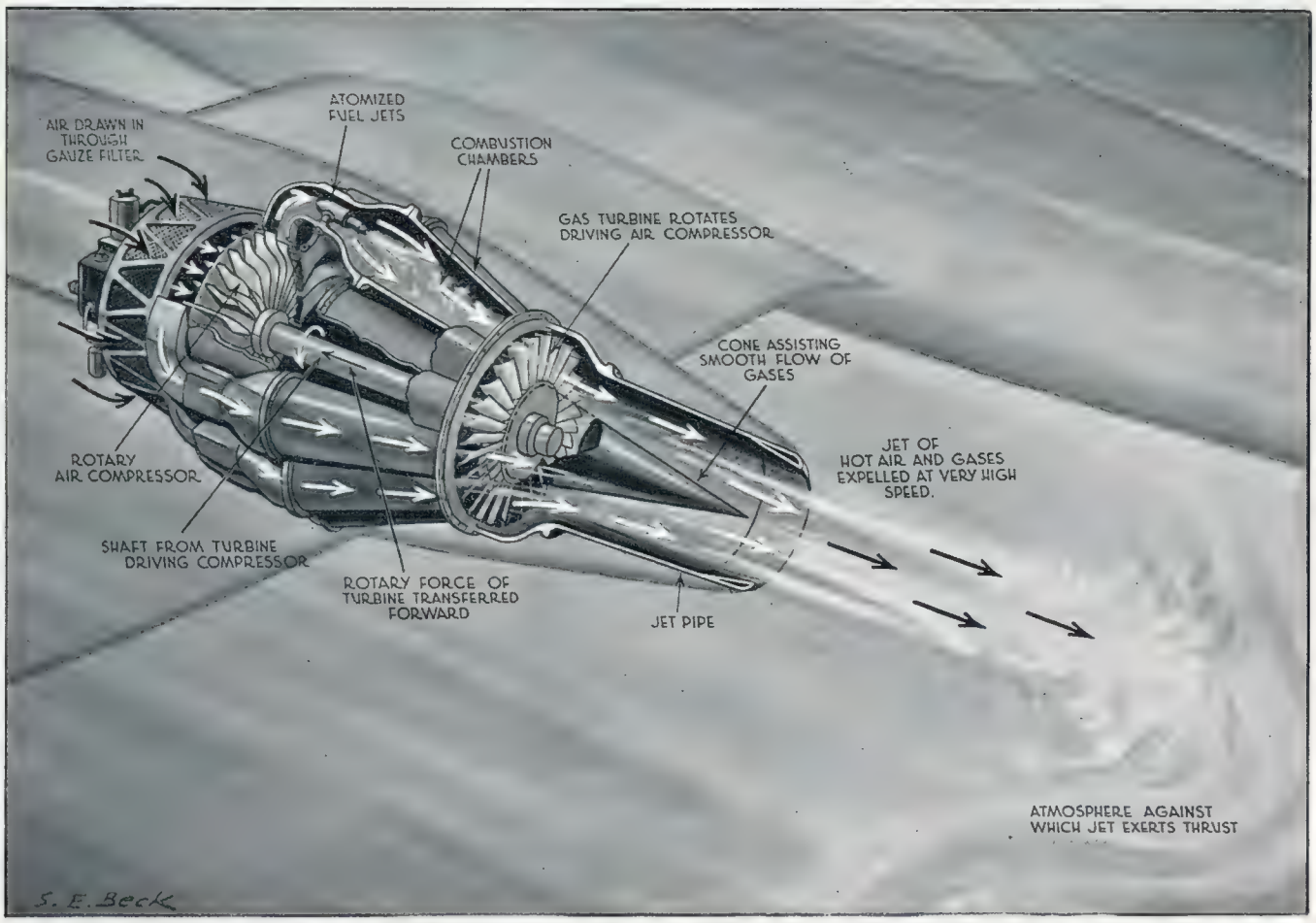
A JET-PROPELLED AIR-LINER OF THE NEAR FUTURE: An artist's impression of a passenger-carrying aircraft equipped with gas turbine units. The advent of the gas turbine is a revolutionary development in the history of aviation, and it is most opportune as it comes at a time when definite limits have been reached both to the horse-power and to the number of normal piston engines that can be installed in an aircraft. This new engine is likely to supersede the piston engine completely, both for military and commercial flying, and it is probable that gas turbines of still greater power will shortly be developed—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE GAS TURBINE PLANE

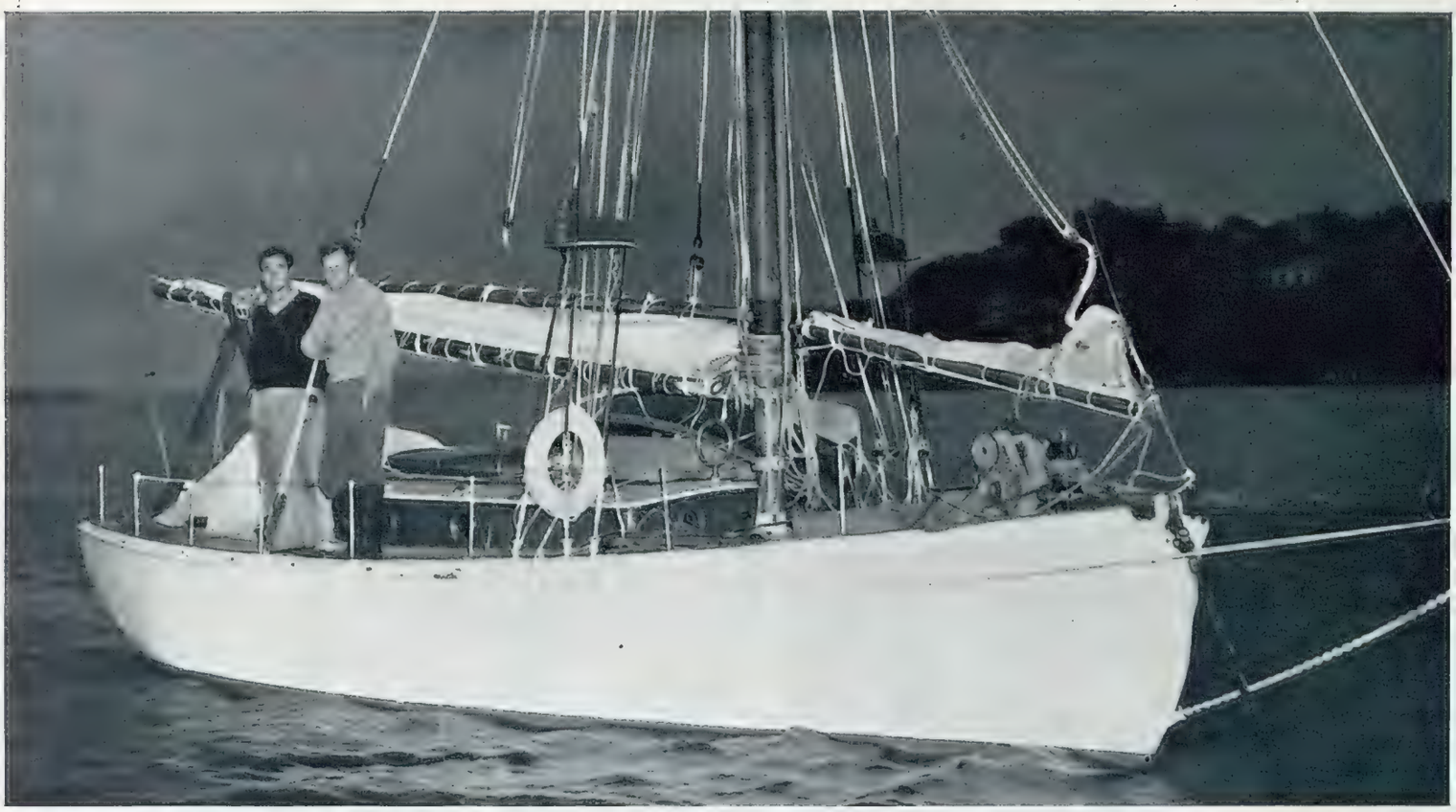
A New Development in Aerial Motive Power

The piston aero-engine having almost reached the limit of its power, the invention of the gas turbine comes at an opportune moment and will undoubtedly play a revolutionary part in future aircraft design. In this connection, it is a matter for the greatest satisfaction that Britain is leading the world in the production of gas turbines for jet units, the latest Rolls-Royce engine, the Nene, actually developing the equivalent of 15,000 horse-power at 600 m.p.h. Despite this astonishing power the Nene weighs only 1,600 lbs. and has a maximum diameter of just over 4 ft. and an overall length of 5 ft. 3·9 ins.

With such enormous thrust and power obtainable from an engine of such small size, remarkable developments are to be anticipated and many previously conceived ideas about future air transport will have to be discarded. The piston aero-engine will inevitably become a thing of the past; for there are technical difficulties in the way of designing piston engines of great horse-power, and their weight and bulk would rule them out anyway.



THE MODERN JET-PROPULSION UNIT, IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WHICH BRITAIN IS ALREADY ESTABLISHING A LEAD: A diagrammatic sketch of the successor to the piston engine, which provides enormous thrust and power in comparison with its size. The jet-propelled aircraft is driven by the reaction from a jet of hot air and gases escaping at speed from the rear of the engine, in much the same way as a rocket is propelled by the reaction from the burning charge emerging from its tail. The engine consists basically of a rotary air compressor in front and a turbine behind, joined by a central shaft—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*



THEY MISSED THE MINEFIELDS AND SURVIVED TWO CYCLONES—THE AUSTRALIAN CUTTER "MANNARA" ARRIVING AT DOUBLE BAY, SYDNEY, AFTER AN ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE FROM ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA: On board were two Sydney airmen who made the 1,100-mile trip in a sailing time of twenty-two days, but found it was no pleasure trip

Two Sydney airmen, Robert Godsall and Ken Horne, had the adventure of their lives when they recently took the 28-ft. auxiliary cutter "Mannara" from Adelaide, South Australia, to Double Bay, Sydney, New South Wales. It was meant to be a holiday cruise, but during the 1,100-mile journey they encountered two cyclones, and were lucky to escape with their lives. After calling at Port Fairy, Victoria, they met the first cyclone and, having survived the ordeal, they encountered even worse conditions off Gabo, when rounding the dreaded Cape Howe, where their small craft was nearly swept on to the as yet uncleared minefields. In order to save the situation, sails were stowed, anchors were thrown out fore and aft, and the two adventurers went below to their cabin to ride out the storm. It was thirty hours before they could get under way again, but they had suffered no material damage

COALS FROM NEWCASTLE—A MAIDEN VOYAGE UP THE TIDEWAY: The Wandsworth Gas Company's self-trimming collier "Chessington" entering Chelsea Reach on her first trip from the Durham coalfields to London. The "Chessington," of 2,600 tons, is one of the largest vessels to come above the Pool of London. She is nearly 260 ft. long, and as she passes under the bridges her masts telescope into the hold. The squat funnel hinges into a horizontal position. The "Chessington" can carry over 2,500 tons of coal. Sloping wing ballast tanks ensure that the cargo automatically precipitates itself to within the range of the grabs during discharging operations

LITTLE SHIPS ARE IN THE NEWS

The "Mannara's" Adventures in Australian Waters: The "Latifa" Enters the New York-Bermuda Yacht Race: The "Clio's" European Cruise

TRANSPORT ON AMERICA'S GREAT LAKES: The steamer "Charles Donnelly," of Cleveland, Ohio, takes motor-cars from the manufacturing centre in the Middle West to the distribution points of America's eastern seaboard. She can carry 423 cars on one voyage, parking them on three separate decks. The bridge is right forward in the bows to allow maximum parking

THE LITTLE SHIPS ARE FOR SALE: A glimpse of the boat yards at Gillingham, on the Medway, where many small craft which did duty with the Royal Navy are now offered to the public. It is possible to buy an infantry landing barge for £60, but the cutters, air-sea rescue launches, hospital tenders, etc., run into thousands. Some people are facing the housing shortage by buying these boats and converting them into homes, but buyers are few and far between, and many of these little ships, which did such yeoman service from the days of Dunkirk onwards, are probably doomed to a life of idleness

CHELSEA TO AMSTERDAM: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haines, of British Foundation Pictures, seen on board their cabin-cruiser, "Clio," at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea. They were about to leave for Holland, where they will be making a topical film record of life in the towns and villages

CHECKING STORES AT CADOGAN PIER: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haines seen before they left Chelsea on their film-making tour of Europe which is to start in Holland. During the coming summer they intend to visit several countries in Europe, including France, making topical films and portraying current conditions in places which have suffered under Nazi oppression

WESTWARD HO!—THE START OF A GREAT ADVENTURE: The 53-ton yawl "Latifa" which left Plymouth last week on a voyage across the Atlantic. On reaching America she will take part in the New York-Bermuda Ocean Yacht Race, which is now being renewed after six years of wartime suspension. The "Latifa" is manned by eight amateur yachtsmen, and she is under the command of Mr. E. W. R. Peterson, Rear Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. She will enter the race under the Racing Club's flag. "Latifa" is one of the largest ocean yawls in the country, and after she has completed the Bermuda race she will return direct to England across the Atlantic, a total journey of over 7,000 miles. The yawl consists of two masts, the mainmast cutter-rigged, and a small mizzen stepped far aft with a driving sail

THE CRUISE OF THE "LATIFA": A British yawl leaves Plymouth to cross the Atlantic and take part in the New York-Bermuda Ocean Yacht Race. ***On left***—The Sailing Master of the "Latifa," Mr. H. I. Hughes, and the Rear Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, Mr. E. W. R. Peterson, seen before their departure for America. ***On right***—The "Latifa" under sail as she left Plymouth Sound on the evening tide manned by a crew of eight, six of whom are still on demobilisation leave from the Royal Navy. The New York-Bermuda race actually starts at Brenton Reef, Rhode Island, and finishes at St. David's Head, Bermuda, a distance of just under seven hundred nautical miles

ART IN UNDIGNIFIED DISARRAY: Ancient sculpture side by side with more modern works in the basement of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, which is so overflowing with treasures that there are not sufficient galleries for their display. The museum, which celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary next February, is seeking to provide six new wings

NEW YORK'S OVERFLOWING MUSEUM

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Now Nearing Its Seventy-fifth Anniversary, Seeks Room for All Its Treasures

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is now in its seventy-fifth year and by American standards is almost an antique itself, is New York's largest public gallery, but, alas, it is not large enough. So rapidly, indeed, have its possessions grown that the Museum is now full to overflowing. To-day the Metropolitan Museum appeals for £1,500,000 to enable it to add new wings to its already massive buildings on Fifth Avenue, in Central Park, so that it can accommodate some of its 1,000,000 surplus works of art.

If the appeal is successful, it will mean that many of the treasures which are hidden away in the forty basement storerooms of the museum will once again see the light of day. As it is, genuine works of art, for which there is no room in the galleries, are only seen on rare occasions.

***On right*—CAIN IS VOCAL, BUT QUEEN VICTORIA TAKES IT CALMLY:** Two busts in the crowded basement of New York's Metropolitan Museum, where so much surplus statuary is stored

THE OUTCASTS—BRONZE NU
basement and illustrating students are permitted

TYPISTS SHARE THE HELLENISTIC ROOM WITH HIGH RELIEFS AND BAS RELIEFS FROM ANCIENT CRETAN TEMPLES: Another picture that evidences the current overcrowding in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where shortage of space grows more acute each year as bequests continue to flow in. A speedy response is expected to the seventy-fifth anniversary appeal for £1,500,000, New Yorkers having always shown themselves generous towards their leading museum, which has grown with such rapidity

THE SLIDING IRON SCREENS ARE C
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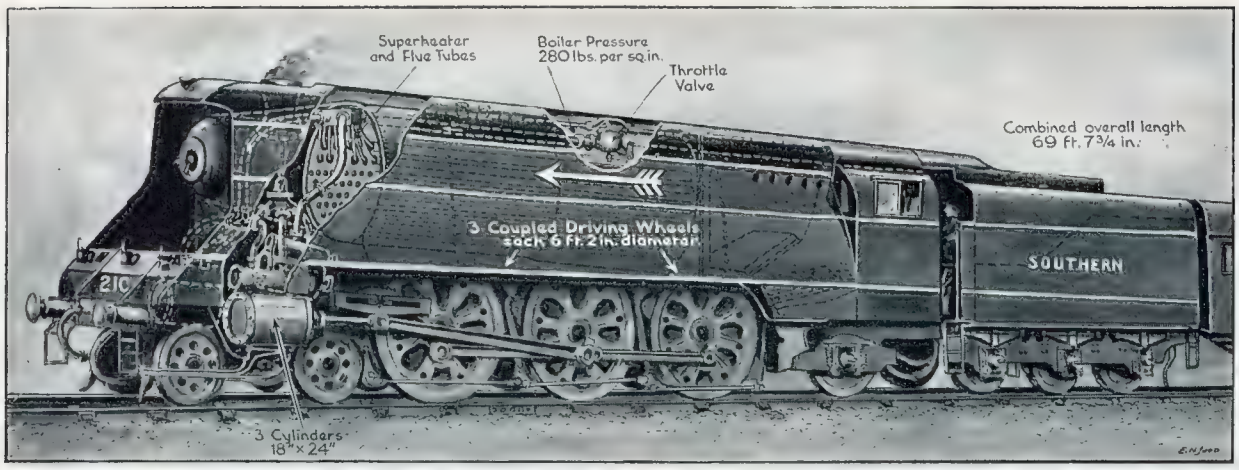
artist's work are held or th
space in the main galleries,

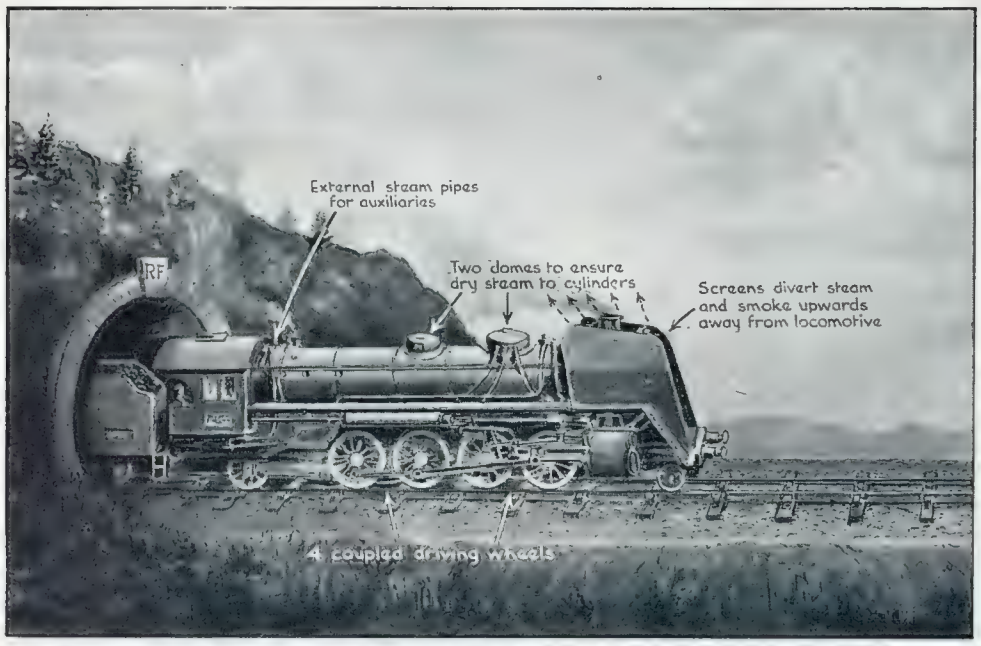
DES AND A MARBLE ANTIGONE SHARE THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOWER REGIONS WITH OTHER WORKS TOO NUMEROUS TO DISPLAY : Another picture taken in the the profusion of surplus sculpture seldom seen by members of the public. Some of the surplus exhibits are loaned to other museums and to art schools, while art n enter the basement for purposes of study. Altogether the Metropolitan Museum's underground storage space covers 5½ acres, and there are about forty storerooms

VDED WITH AMERICAN CANVASES : Surplus paintings in the base- eum. From time to time, when special exhibitions of a single are period exhibitions, some of these paintings appear for a brief t for the most part they are hidden away from the light of day

GREEK WARRIORS AND GODS IN THEIR BASEMENT HOME : A section of the classical casts storeroom at the Metropolitan, where the overcrowding has also reached serious proportions. Occasionally an art student will penetrate to this dim basement in search of some particular figure, but for the most part the room is visited only by an attendant armed with duster, mop and dustpan



THE LOCOMOTIVE WHICH DRAWS THE "GOLDEN ARROW": A diagrammatic drawing of one of the modern "Merchant Navy" engines now operating on the revived Continental service of the Southern Railway. The total weight of the engine and tender is 144 tons, and its combined overall length is nearly 70 ft. The tender holds 5 tons of coal and 5,000 gallons of water. The "Merchant Navy" has three cylinders, 18 ins. diameter by 24 ins. stroke, and these operate the three driving wheels, each of 6 ft. 2 ins. diameter. The boiler pressure is 280 lbs. per sq. in., and the steam generated is passed through a superheater, the small tubes of which pass along inside large "flue" tubes. The firehole door is steam operated, and the boiler is lagged with spun glass mattresses—*Drawing by E. H. Judd*

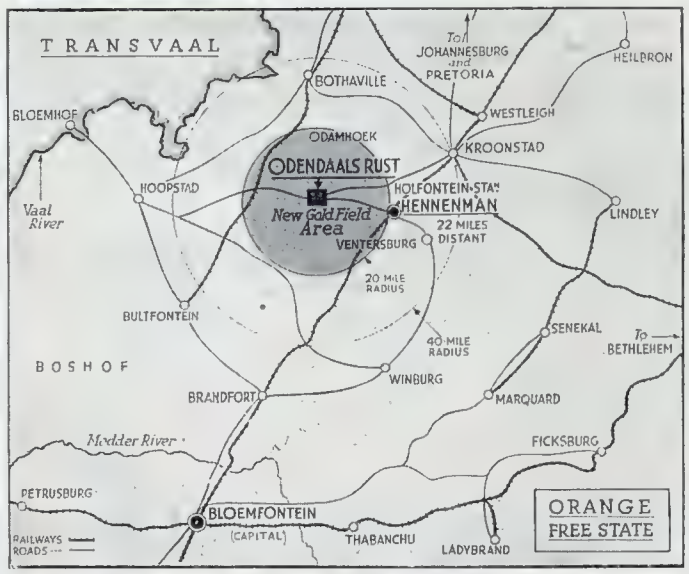


THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH RAILWAYS: A type of American locomotive being used for long-distance haulage in France. A heavy engine with four coupled driving-wheels capable of operating the long-distance services between the Channel ports and the south. Since the liberation of France steady progress has been made in linking-up the shattered railway system, and a whole series of temporary bridges have been set up in order to make contact between towns which for many months were completely cut off from rail communication with the rest of the country. Unfortunately, the problem did not end there, as large numbers of French locomotives were removed by the Germans, while hosts of others were smashed in R.A.F. operations against rail traffic. As a result, America has come to the rescue with some modern locomotives, and these are already playing a vital part in restoring communication. In Britain it is almost impossible to believe the destruction wrought on the French railways, particularly just before D-Day when no bridges of any consequence were still left standing, and to find a hundred miles of uninterrupted track was rare indeed. It is this paralysis of the transport system that has contributed to the food shortage

REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT—HOW THE UNITED STATES NAVY SERVICED WARSHIPS IN THE COMBAT ZONES: A giant Advanced Base Sectional Dock accommodating eight tank landing ships at the same time. These floating docks were capable of lifting 100,000 tons, and, in consequence, the largest battleship or aircraft-carrier could put in for repair following an action without having to make the long sea journey back to base. In the closing stages of the war in Europe and the Pacific, the United States Navy had fifty docks in operation with a total capacity of 1,200,000 tons. On each side of the great Sectional Dock illustrated here are travelling cranes for installing heavy machinery after it had been removed for repair

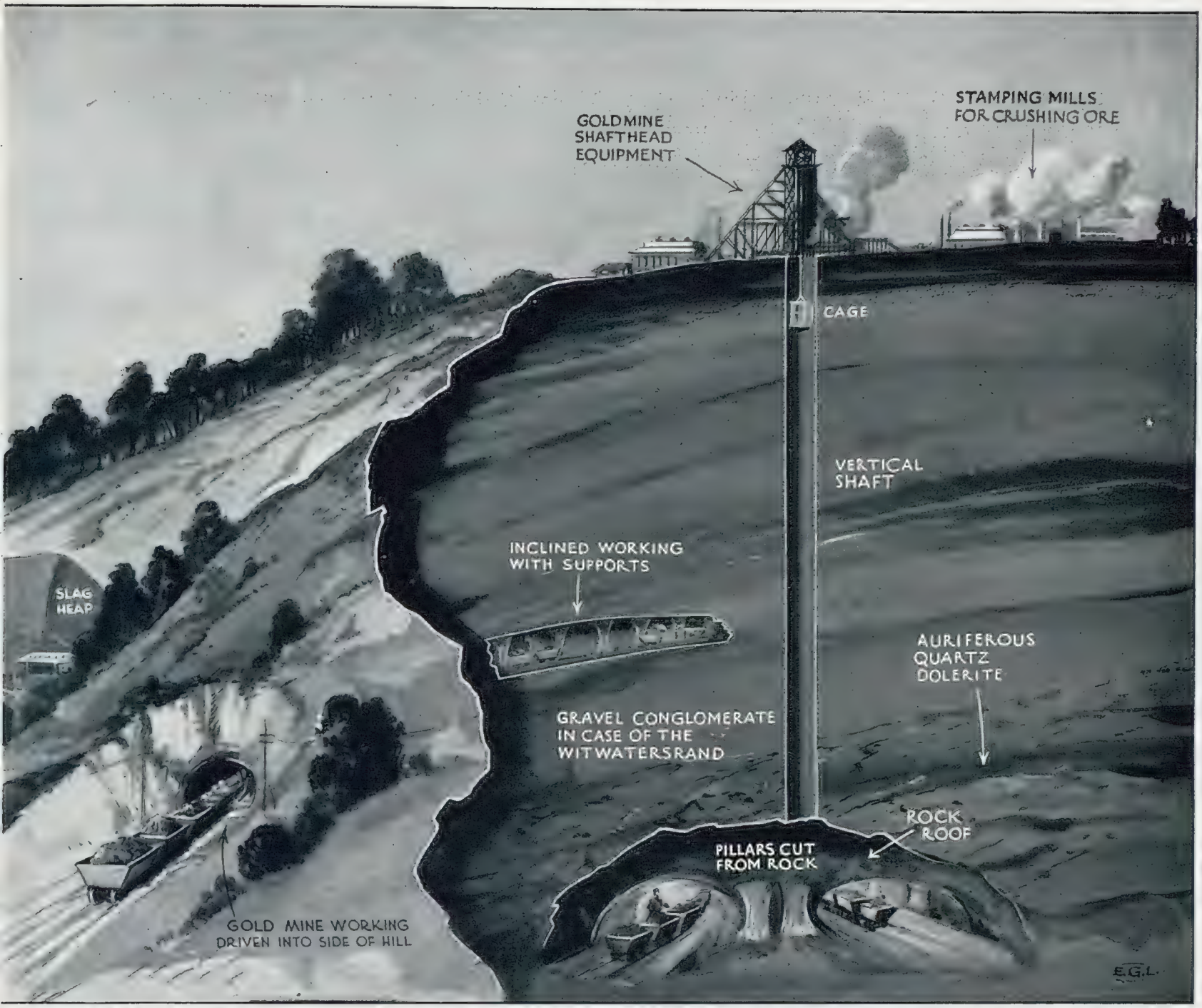
MINING GOLD IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE

And Other News of Engineering Interest

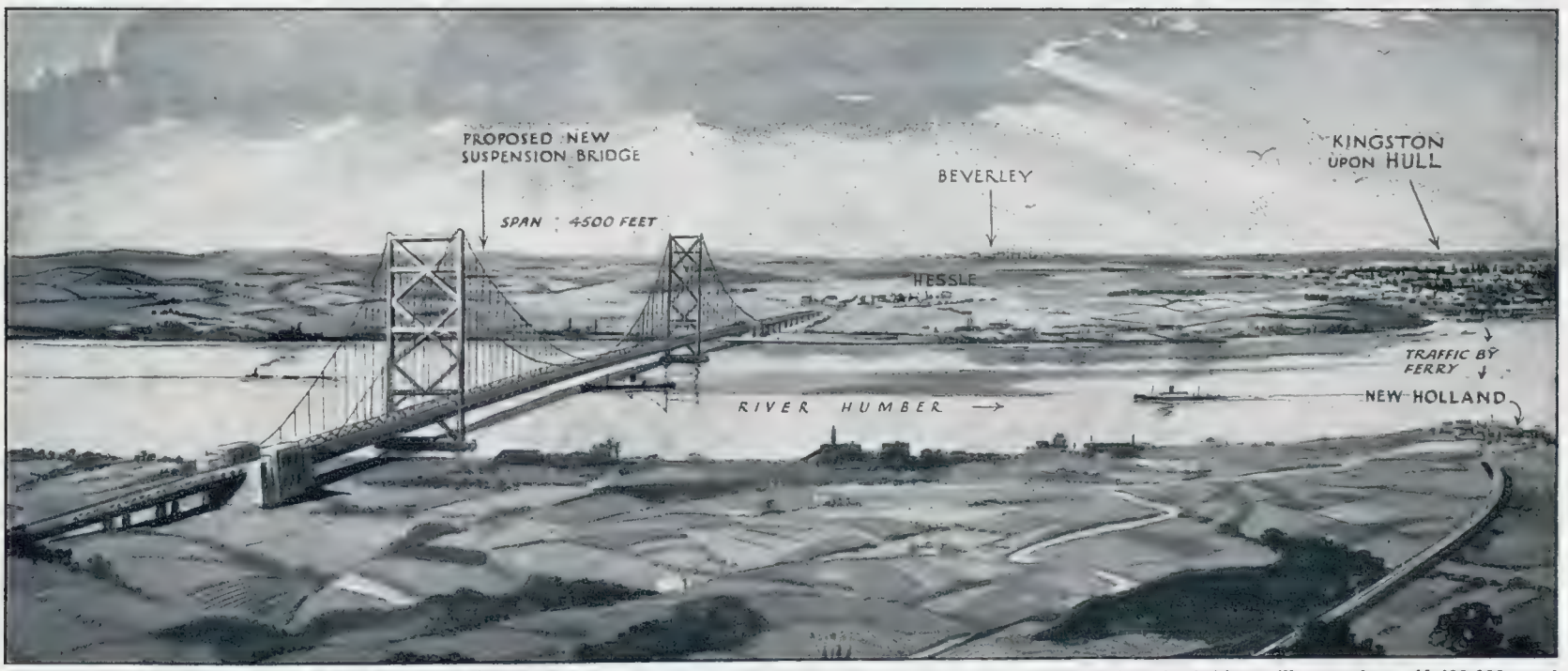


THE GREAT NEW GOLDFIELD IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE: A sketch-map showing the position of Odendaals Rust, which lies between Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, and has recently been the scene of a remarkable borehole result, revealing gold payability far beyond anything ever discovered on the Rand

One spectacular borehole result does not make a goldfield, but the recent announcement from Odendaals Rust, in the Orange Free State, was so remarkable that it immediately focused world attention on a goldfield that has been in steady course of development for several years. Mining companies prospecting at Odendaals Rust have now established that there is room for at least eight very profitable mines, and, as a result, the shares of the companies concerned have risen to new high levels, both on the Johannesburg and London Stock Exchanges. Mining experts hold strongly to the belief that the seemingly barren lands of the Orange Free State will before long see the growth of a new Johannesburg and already land values at Odendaals Rust have leapt accordingly. The first of the new mines, St. Helena, is already about to be sunk, and in due course others will follow. The railways have already announced that Odendaals Rust is to be linked to the main Bloemfontein-Johannesburg track, while the South African Irrigation Department is planning to bring water from the Vaal River



SINKING A MODERN GOLDMINE—SOME OF THE PROBLEMS FACING THE MEN ENGAGED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE : A diagrammatic sketch showing how vertical shafts will have to be driven to a depth of 3,000 ft. and more in order to strike gold-bearing reefs. The position of the reefs has already been established by drilling operations, and the sinking of the shafts and the opening-up of the ore deposits constitute the second phase. When a large area of payable reef has been exposed, the company then makes the decision to erect a reduction plant, which will crush so many thousands of tons of ore per month ; and it is only then that the goldmine can begin to pay the spectacular dividends envisaged by the share speculators. It is believed that many of the new mines in the Free State will have reached the producing stage in three or four years, but before that can be achieved vast quantities of mining equipment will have to be hauled into Odendaals Rust by rail, and water will have to be diverted from the Vaal—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE PROPOSED HUMBER SUSPENSION BRIDGE—A GIANT SINGLE-SPAN STRUCTURE TO CROSS THE RIVER NEAR HULL : the bridge will cost about £6,400,000, and it will save 20 miles on all journeys to London and the South—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The longest single-span bridge in the world is envisaged in the scheme for a crossing of the River Humber near Hull. The span will be 4,500 ft. in length, or 300 ft. longer than that of the famous Golden Gate suspension bridge in California. The site provisionally selected is at Hessle on the Yorkshire side of the river stretching to Barton on the Lincolnshire side, and the estimated cost is in the region of £6,400,000. The average distance saved by the bridge for traffic to London and the South would be 20 miles. A moderate estimate of the value of the saving to traffic would be 2d. per ton-mile at present-day costs. The scheme has been approved at a conference of the various local authorities bordering the Humber

SEEING THE BATTLE FROM AFAR: This television camera in the nose of a reconnaissance plane was used recently in the U.S. Navy's Airborne Television Demonstration held at Anacostia. As the camera recorded an action taking place far out to sea, the record of the action was transmitted by radio and flashed on to a screen in a darkened auditorium on land

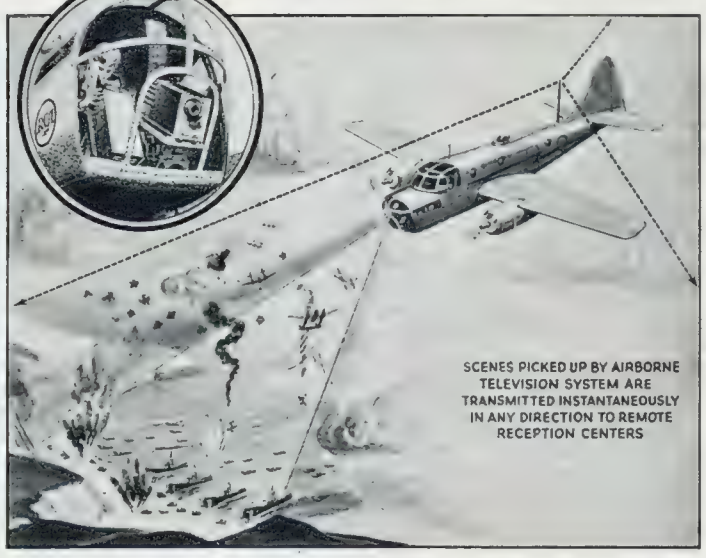
AIRBORNE TELEVISION ON TRIAL

How the Ground Commander Sees His Planes Attacking Far-distant Targets

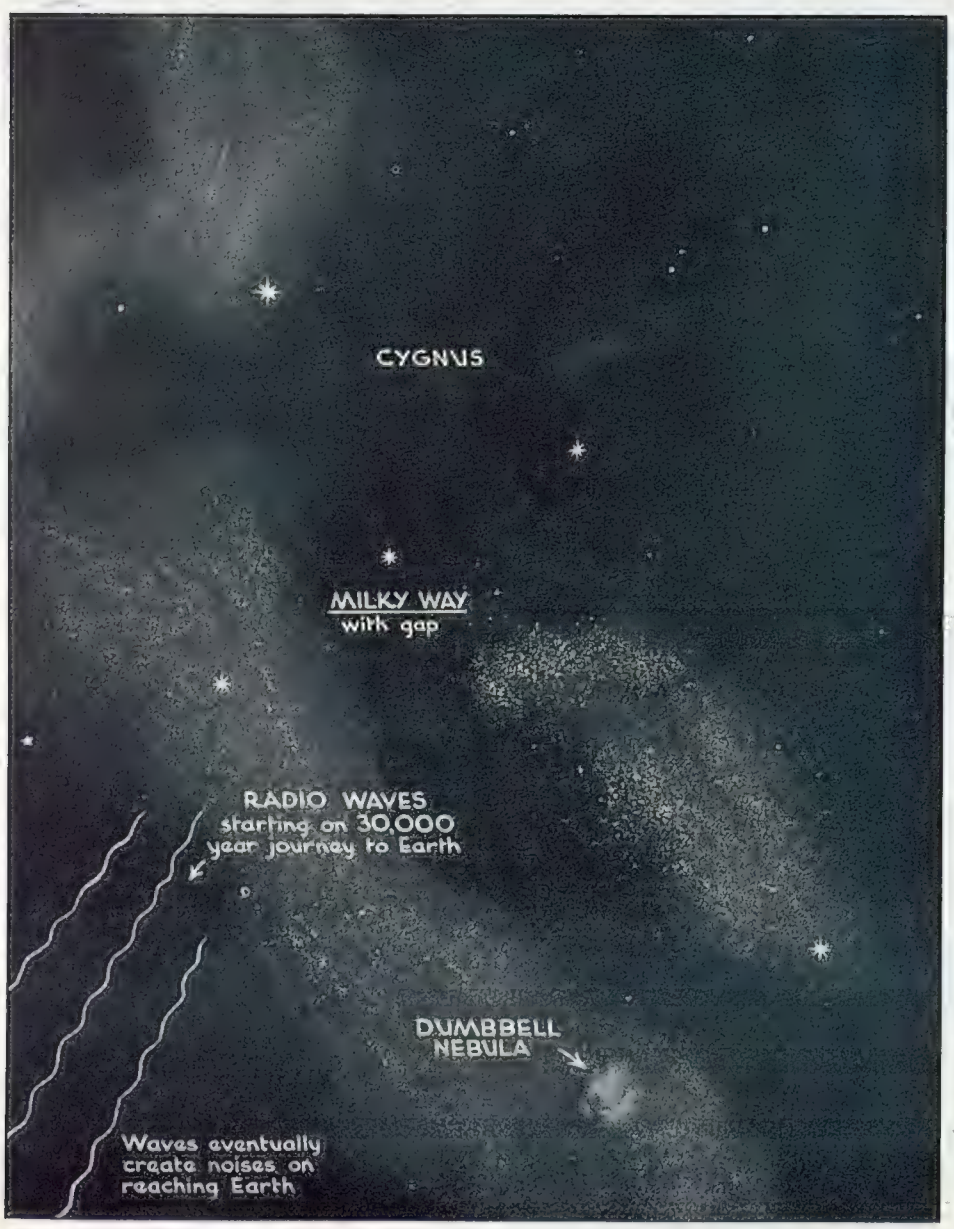
The United States Navy, which is already embarked on its great experiments with the atom bomb, is taking every opportunity to exploit scientific invention in the pursuit of supremacy, and the recent demonstration of airborne television at Anacostia Naval Air Station provided yet one more example of current progress.

It is envisaged that the modern ground commander shall sit in his headquarters and watch his planes going in to attack targets at a distance of many hundreds of miles, seeing with all the clarity of a newsreel the various phases of the action he has launched. At the moment it is only possible to make these television records over a distance of 200 miles, but it is expected that greater distances will be achieved.

For the purposes of the Anacostia experiment a television camera was installed in the nose of a reconnaissance plane, and the scenes recorded were transmitted instantly on to a screen in a darkened auditorium at the naval air station, where naval officers, scientists and members of the Press were assembled as witnesses.

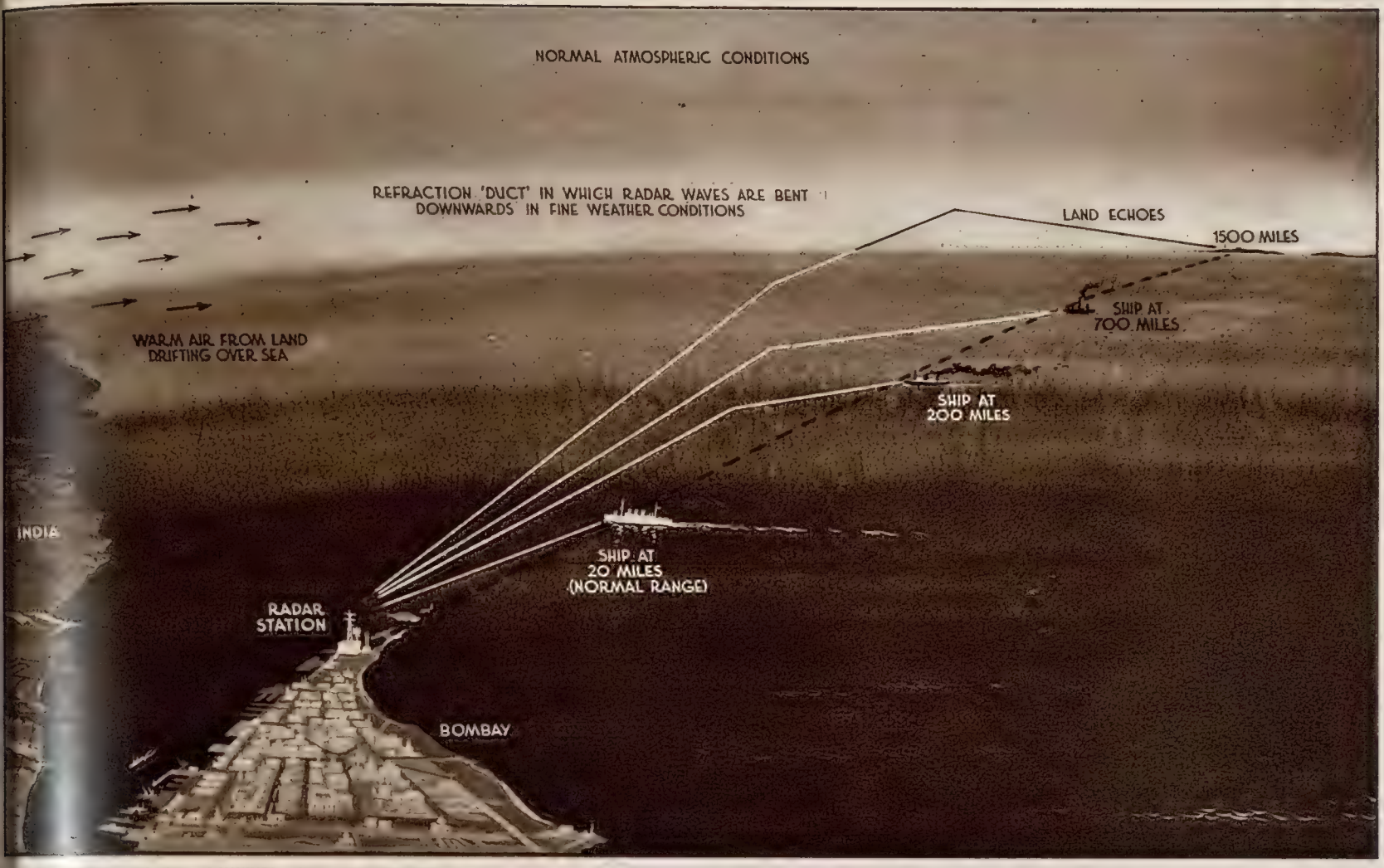


THE TELEVISION CAMERA RECORDS THE BATTLE: A diagrammatic sketch illustrating how scenes picked up by the airborne television system are transmitted at once to the ground commander, who is able to see them on the screen with all the clarity of a newsreel. The recent demonstration of airborne television at the Anacostia Naval Air Station is the prelude to still further research on this subject



***On left*—THE MILKY WAY RESPONDS TO RADAR:** A diagrammatic sketch showing radio waves on their 30,000-year journey from the Milky Way to the earth. They have been encountered by Radar and have been recorded in Britain on Radar receiving sets, creating noises of a distinctive character which have aroused scientific interest

The announcement by experts exploring the fuller possibilities of Radar that the Milky Way is within the range of rays propagated from the earth, calls attention to the manner in which the whole universe is now being subjected to a new method of exploration. Exactly what will be revealed by this new method is being awaited by the scientifically-minded with the keenest interest, and at the moment we can only say that the dizzy gulfs in space are being bridged by Radar waves just as spectrum analysis first enabled scientists to reach out into space and learn the construction of the sun, the planets and far-distant stars. The Galaxy, or Milky Way, was the object of observations in Græco-Roman times, and it was conjectured at an early period by the Greek philosopher Democritus that the milky appearance of the Galaxy was due to the subdued light of innumerable stars



Above—**WHEN RADAR ACHIEVES ITS FAR-DISTANT ECHOES! A diagrammatic sketch showing how radio rays are curved downwards during clear, fine weather conditions, and this refraction has the effect of allowing the Radar set "to see round the curved surface of the earth." In almost any conditions Radar will receive echoes at 20 or 30 miles range, but through refraction ships have been plotted from 200 to 700 miles out to sea**

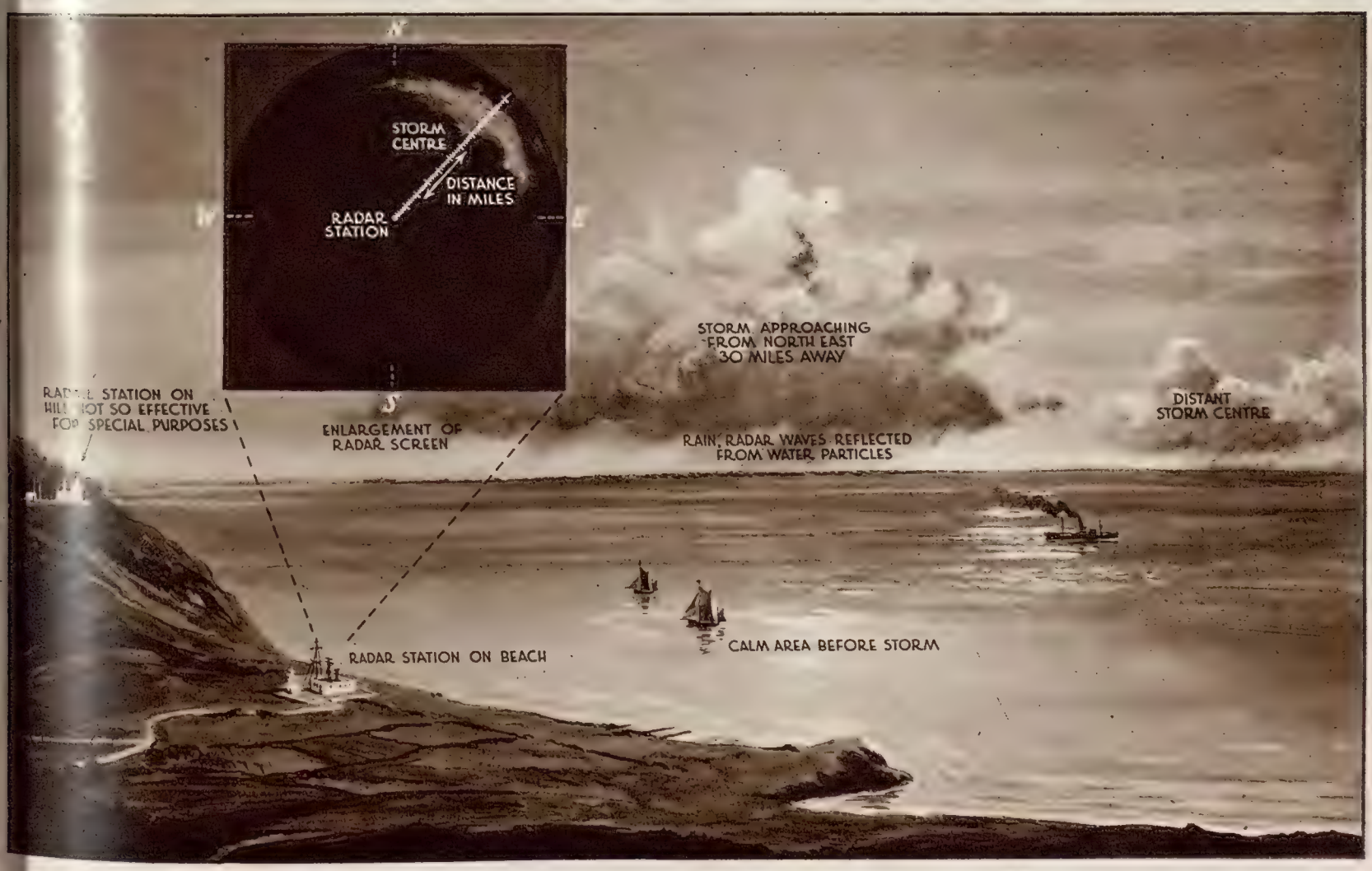
RADAR IS WEATHER-CONSCIOUS

Its Range is Vitally Altered by Prevailing Conditions and It is Also an Accurate Meteorological Recorder

Radar played its part in war, and now it is starting its peace-time work. It is already serving man in countless ways, and at the same time it is the subject of increasing research. Scientists have been studying with particular interest the behaviour of Radar in varying weather conditions, and they have noted the astonishingly variable results that are obtained. It now appears that in fine weather the bending of rays by the atmosphere enables Radar to record objects as far as 700 miles out to sea, whereas in rainy weather 20 miles is the usual limit of Radar "vision." It follows from this that a knowledge of the prevailing weather conditions in various parts of the world is necessary to designers of radio equipment if the best results are to be obtained. Radar is also playing its part in meteorological forecasting.

***Below*—RADAR PLOTS THE WEATHER: A diagrammatic sketch showing how a Radar station can record an approaching storm. Inset is the P.P.I. (Plan Position Indicator), and on this the operator will see a bright patch, indicating to his experienced eye that a storm is in progress at a given bearing and range. The motions of such rain areas can be plotted and accurate predictions of the time of onset of rain can be given—**

Drawings by S. E. Beck



IN LONDON and THE PROVINCES

Royal Academy Preparations: The Memorial to Sir Henry Wood: Princess Elizabeth on Wearside

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "BRITISH PRINCESS": The 12,000-ton oil-tanker leaving the slipway at the Sunderland shipyard of Sir James Laing and Sons after being launched by Princess Elizabeth. The Royal launching was a special tribute to Wearside workers, who during the war produced a record amount of merchant tonnage. Over 6,000 people witnessed the launching

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON WEARSIDE: Her Royal Highness walking through the shipyard of Sir James Laing and Sons before launching the 12,000-ton tanker "British Princess." Speaking at a reception after the launching, Princess Elizabeth pointed out that the tanker company, to whose fleet the *British Princess* is the latest addition, lost forty-four ships by enemy action during the war. She paid a tribute to the tanker crews for their devotion to duty and endurance of hardships. During her visit the Princess also opened the Durham County and Sunderland Eye Infirmary, receiving a great reception from the people of Sunderland as she drove through the town

FISHING BROUGHT TO A FINE ART: The new trawl gear of the Fishery Research Vessel "Platessa," which recently left Lowestoft to run her trials in the East Anglian fishing-grounds. The wooden bobbins are designed to roll along the sea-bed and the "can" floats keep the mouth of the trawl net open while fishing is in progress. In the background is the gallows apparatus, which keeps the trawl away from the ship. On the results of the *Platessa's* voyage, the British fishing fleets will develop their future technique

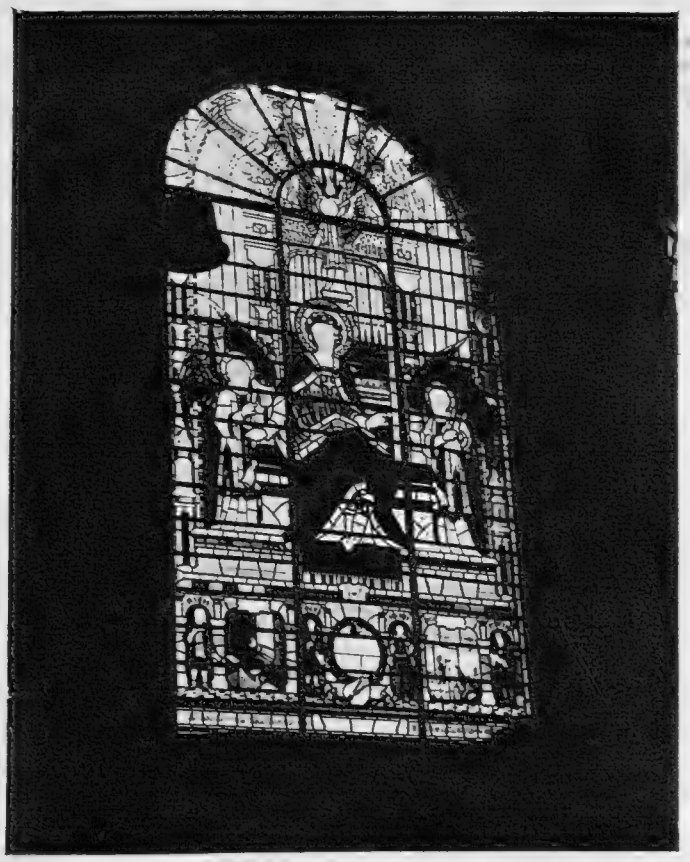
THE "PLATESSA" SAILS FOR THE EAST ANGLIAN FISHING-GROUNDS: The motor-vessel, which has been released from Admiralty duties, leaving Lowestoft to run her trials as a fishery-research ship. While at sea she is testing out her new trawling gear. On the left, between the mizzen and funnel, is the gallows supporting the apparatus which keeps the trawl away from the ship

TULIP-TIME IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE FENS: A field in full bloom in the Spalding district, which now presents a wonderful picture of colour. During the war years the number of acres devoted to the cultivation of tulips was greatly reduced, but this year a start has been made in returning to normal. British bulb-growers are responsible for the very fine display of blooms which has attracted such attention in the Queen Victoria Memorial Gardens in front of Buckingham Palace

THE GHOST GOES WEST: Mr. Maurice Lambert, A.R.A., accompanying his draped equestrian figure of King George V from his studio to the Royal Academy in Piccadilly. Mr. Lambert has completed the statue for the King George V Memorial Committee of Adelaide, South Australia, and the plaster model, from which the casting will be made, now stands outside Burlington House, forming part of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. Police permission had to be obtained in order to take the statue through Central London. Mr. Lambert began work on the statue in 1937, and he has only recently completed it, having served as a captain in the Royal Artillery during the war years. The statue is 5 ft. high and is one of the largest Academy exhibits of modern times

MR. LAMBERT CONDUCTS HIS OWN UNVEILING: Removing drapings from his statue of George V. It is seen on its pedestal in the courtyard of Burlington House, forming part of the R.A. Exhibition

AMONG THE OLDEST WOODEN WALLS IN ENGLAND: The little church at Greenstead, near Ongar, Essex, with its nave constructed from split logs. The church was built in the days of the Saxons, and it was there that the monks of St. Edmund rested the body of their saint in 1013 during their journey to the walled city of London when a Danish invasion threatened danger to Bury St. Edmunds. The nave of the old church is constructed of logs split into three pieces, the rounded outer parts being used as uprights and the centre portions as window-sills. Unfortunately, the sills rotted away about 100 years ago and were replaced by bricks, without, however, disturbing the uprights. The north wall is constructed from twenty-one split logs and the south, in which the porch is situated, from sixteen. At one time the nave was thatched, but now it is tiled. The wooden tower of the church is of much later date than the nave, belonging to the sixteenth century



THE MEMORIAL TO SIR HENRY WOOD: The magnificent stained-glass window which has been unveiled in St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn Viaduct, by the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Davis. Sir Henry Wood learned to play the organ at St. Sepulchre's as a boy and a mural tablet (*on left*) records his early association with the church and the fact that his ashes are now buried there. The tablet also records that Sir Henry was the founder of the Promenade Concerts and conducted them for fifty years, opening "the door to a new world of sense and feeling to millions of his fellows." In the various panels of the window, which was designed by Gerald Smith in collaboration with Frank Salisbury, are depicted phases of the great musician's life-work. In the central panel St. Cecilia, patron saint of music, is seated among her attendant angels

INDIGESTION IN NEW YORK

A Second Article on the City which Flows with Milk and Honey, Champagne and Liqueurs

By CHARLES GRAVES

NEW YORK, quite apart from Washington and Montreal, which I also visited, is too rich to digest in twenty-one days. So general impressions are inclined to be fallacious and superficial. It was impossible, however, not to detect a fantastic amount of waste in food. Helpings of every kind, but particularly of steaks, are far too large for the most gargantuan eater to consume alone. The average portion is double of what you would get at an English chop-house in peace-time, and the casual visitor gets the impression that people eat all day. There are queues in every restaurant from midday onwards. On Easter Sunday, when the famous Easter Parade along Fifth Avenue and round Central Park produced a number of silk hats as well as thousands of women's hats decorated with fresh flowers, the restaurant which I visited purely for a drink at 4.30 p.m. was crammed with people eating steaks. It is possible that they had been unable to eat their midday meal earlier, because of the crowds. The fact remains that they were devouring steaks, turkey, broiled lamb chops and other splendid dishes at this unusual hour.

New Yorkers frequently say to one, "You should have seen us when we were rationed during the war." The reply, of course, is that one is delighted not to have seen them being rationed, however slight it may have been. It is an absolute joy to visit a country which really flows with milk and honey, not to mention the best French champagnes, the best French liqueurs, the best Bacardi rum, and is stuffed with Long Island duckling, Vermont turkey, Virginia sugar-cured ham, fresh eggs, cream, lamb chops and every imaginable fruit.

After food, anxiety about Russia seems to be a prominent factor in the life of the country. Everyone talks about the suspicious, and therefore suspected, attitude of the Red Army officers in the United States. In Washington they are

WHERE STEAKS ARE ON THE MENU : Charles Graves lunching with his wife, Jane Gordon, and a friend at New York's Stork Club. A picture taken during Mr. Graves's recent visit to America, where rationing is very much a thing of the past

offering fabulous prices, just as they are in Paris, for the finest and most secluded estates.

My pleasantest memory of Washington is of a visit to the Chevy Chase Country Club. It is the most beautifully-kept golf-course I have ever seen. Every fairway is watered and is as smooth as most English greens. Outside the men's bar, which is proud of its ability to serve 600 different drinks, is a life-size effigy of the Queen of Clubs. This is amply justified.

Members of the public do not appear to discuss the question of the famous Loan either one way or the other. It is all newspaper talk and politics, to which the public pays little attention in its scramble for good money and a good time.

I went to the races at Jamaica, one of the suburban tracks outside New York. I have never seen such crowds in my life, and literally millions of dollars were wagered on the Tote. American horse-racing, of course, is very different from ours. There is invariably a movie camera trained on the winning-post in case of a photographic finish. The track itself is "dirt" instead of grass, and the start is a mechanical affair, with the horses placed in "traps," like greyhounds at the White City. I have often wondered why the Jockey Club had refused to adopt this practice in England, but it was only necessary to see a single start and watch the high-bred, sensitive animals plunging madly—and in two cases unseating their jockeys—at the mere thought of being cooped up before the "off," to realise that this American idea has many disadvantages. I may say that I picked three winners out of four races, so that this comment is not prejudiced.

New Yorkers may play hard, but they also work tremendously hard, and even the heads of great businesses think nothing of arriving at their office at 9 a.m., or even earlier. Moreover, the lack of an equivalent to the English week-end habit causes them to work right into Saturday; while columnists produce their efforts seven days a week. Of these there are seven in the *New York Post* alone, more than the whole of the national daily Press of Great Britain.

The offices of American magazines like the *Cosmopolitan* and *Colliers* are a dream of elegance, and the money they spend on illustrations, quite apart from writers, is fabulous by English comparisons. At *Cosmopolitan*, for example, I was shown an oil painting which was commissioned at a cost of £250 purely so that it should be scaled down and photographed as an illustration to a short story. It is nothing for a big magazine to have seven associate editors in addition to the editor-in-chief.

As for broadcasting, I had—among other experiences on the air—twenty minutes on the programme of Mary Margaret McBride. In the United States she is labelled "The First Lady of the Radio," and her programme on the N.B.C. hook-up extends from coast to coast. She is a grey-haired, pink-cheeked person with an uncanny sense of news and women's interests. Her programme is more like a family party than anything else, with none of the rehearsed rigidity of the B.B.C. One has no idea of the questions which will be fired at one. The whole programme is almost entirely impromptu, but it certainly produces results.

A MIDGET FROM MICHIGAN : This miniature car with a streamline finish was designed by George Bartell, of Detroit, and he calls it the *Hollywood Streak*. It stands 48 ins. above the ground and measures 140 ins. from bumber to bumper. Incorporated in the body is a transparent plastic top, which slides open for fine-weather touring. The car weighs just under 1 ton. At the wheel is Mrs. Bartell

IN A BLAZE OF PUBLICITY : A streamlined motor-boat of post-war design being paraded through New York to the 71st Regiment's Armoury, where it was among the exhibits in the revived annual boat show. New Yorkers, sweltering in the first heat-wave of the year, conjured up visions of leisurely days on the Atlantic coast as the cruiser made its stately progress along the thronged streets

NEW YORKERS WERE SURPRISED : This giant air-liner was hauled through Manhattan recently by two elephants, and it was finally parked on a vacant lot in Fifty-second Street, and opened to the public at 25 cents admission. The elephants were borrowed for the occasion from the Barnum and Bailey Circus, and they not only pulled their weight, but gave the show a full measure of publicity. Proceeds will go to the Child Welfare Fund and the Police Athletic League

Sometimes the ignorance of Americans about conditions in England is astonishing, but 3,000 miles of sea-water is a lot of water, and New Yorkers cannot be blamed altogether for showing actual surprise when informed that we are still being rationed in the United Kingdom. Only once was I in danger of losing my temper. That was when a charming woman said comfortingly, "Well, at least Great Britain did not lose anything at all in the war." I was so taken aback that for once I was silent. She continued sweetly, "I mean, you still have Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa, haven't you?" Well, that is one way of looking at it. What was the good of saying how many of our children in the big cities have tuberculosis, how many of our houses are shattered, how many civilians were killed by bombs, how tired and pessimistic the general public has become?

One of the most unfortunate statements ever issued from London was that which claimed that the health of the nation was every bit as good as, if not better than, it was in 1939. (This statement carefully omitted all reference to tuberculosis, among many other important aspects of public health.) No doubt this completely erroneous announcement was originally issued to bolster English morale and to fool Hitler—when it was made during the war. It has since been seized upon by all enemies of England in the United States. It has also been seized upon by friends of England because it makes them feel less badly about our austerity.

Even in New York there are one or two items which are scarce at the moment. You cannot buy men's white shirts, and soft black hats known as "Anthony Edens" are also very hard to find. Everything else is absurdly easy to obtain. True, you may have to queue for nylon stockings if you want to buy them at the correct market price, but there is always an easily-accessible grey market in these articles.

Hotel accommodation is genuinely as acute as it is in London, and the various managements pretend to insist on visitors leaving after five days. It is also necessary to book sleepers to places like Montreal three or four days in advance. Apart from this, New York still resembles the *Thousand and One Nights*.

Carl Brisson receives 3,500 dollars a week, and his hotel accommodation, for performing at a restaurant called the Versailles. He was telling me that the other night an American sitting at a ringside table pushed what Carl thought was a dollar bill towards him and asked him to sing "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Carl, furious, flicked the note away. As he did so he noticed that it had three noughts on it! But it was too late. The American—a Boston millionaire—got up and left the table in a huff. Imagine it—1,000 dollars to sing a single tune!

For the benefit of those of you who may be visiting New York in the near future, I can recommend—as high-grade restaurants—the Voison, the Pavillon, the 21 and the Chambord. Of the less-expensive places there are the Bistro, Reubens', the Ship Ahoy, the Mirtillon, Busto's and Fusco's.

I saw no shows except *Three to Make Ready*, and left after the first act. The dance bands, as I said in my previous article, play almost nothing but old tunes dating back to the '20's. None of those I heard can compare with Ambrose and his band. But every hotel and restaurant has a cabaret of some kind or another.

Two of the best-sellers are, strangely enough, Englishmen—Evelyn Waugh and Gerald Kersh. Books in America are beautiful things compared with which the most lavishly produced English volumes look like badly-printed text-books. Why New Yorkers should read so much, considering all the attractions to divert them from home life, I do not know. Perhaps they just buy them.

To revert to food: everyone knows that New York is no more representative of the United States than London is of Great Britain, and one cannot believe that in poor districts there is a similar wastage; there is certainly not such a variety of distractions, as the G.I. brides in Nebraska, for example, are rapidly discovering. The fact remains that the amount of food wasted every day in New York alone would feed a tremendous lot of very hungry people for a very long time.

As a personal footnote I may add that my wife put on half a stone in ten days, and I nearly doubled that myself in three weeks. After all, when one has the chance, why not?

CROWDS THRONG THE LUSTGARTEN—THE GREAT MAY DAY RALLY IN BERLIN : Some of the 300,000 workers who converged with their flags and banners on the central area of the city, many of them demonstrating on behalf of the new Unity Party

In May Day Berlin had its biggest free political rally since pre-Nazi days. The celebration, which was organised by the trade unions, largely took the form of propaganda demonstrations by the new Socialist Unity Party formed by the fusion of the Communists and the Social Democrats in the Soviet zone. Nearly 300,000 Berliners tramped in mile-long processions, many of them carrying red flags, but the enthusiasm was not remarkable, and only when the speeches began did the people show any real signs of animation. Processions left the four sectors of Berlin throughout the morning, converging on the Lustgarten at midday. Nearly all the speakers were members of the Unity Party. A special attraction for the crowds was the sale, against coupons, of genuine meat sausages ; and milk—a luxury many have not enjoyed since the close of the war—could be had without coupons

PICTURESQUELY-CLAD DELEGATES FROM THE RUHR : These men, who had a place of honour in the grandstand during the May Day celebrations in the Lustgarten, are members of the Ruhr Miners' Federation. They wear a traditional uniform and carry axes of office. Black plumes adorn their curious head-dress. Ruhr miners have been most outspoken of recent months, claiming that under the new ration scale they cannot maintain production

A MAY DAY RALLY IN BERLIN

Nearly 300,000 Workers, Mostly Members of the New Unity Party, Gather in the Lustgarten

LEADERS OF THE NEW PARTY IN BERLIN : Herr Wilhelm Pieck, President of the Unity Party, and Herr Otto Grotewohl, the Vice-President, seen on the rostrum in the Lustgarten before delivering May Day speeches to some of the 300,000 workers who converged in processions on the centre of the city

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

PRINCE OF SPENDTHRIFTS (6): The de Ros Case.—His high reputation among the fast-livers drew him now into disagreeable prominence. During the late summer of '36, rumour had been growing in the clubs that Lord de Ros, twenty-second Baron, a bachelor and inveterate card-player, had been persistently cheating at whist by manipulating the turn-up card so as to settle the trumps at will. An incident at Graham's Club was the deciding factor. Veiled hints began to appear in the Press; he was named by *The Satirist*, and the big men of the green cloth began to canvass opinions as to the steps they should take.

The wag Alvanley, posed with the question, advised that anyone who detected de Ros in the act should "back him." But more serious counsel prevailed, and a letter was sent to him signed by four persons, John Cummings, Brooke Greville, Lord Henry Bentinck, and George Payne, whose signature appeared first. De Ros answered the letter cleverly enough, but was forced to bring against them an action for libel, Cummings being the nominal defendant. The publication of the alleged libel was not in question. The case was heard before Lord Denman on February 10 and 12, 1837, and aroused widespread interest, largely because of the position of de Ros as the holder of a peerage so ancient. The Attorney-General, then Sir John Campbell, and Sir John Follett, ex-Attorney-General, appeared for the plaintiff, on whose behalf it was urged that he was too crippled to perform a sleight-of-hand trick, and Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chelmsford) for the defendant.

Payne, of course, gave evidence for the defence, and if his friends expected that he would be a match for Campbell and Follett in cross-examination, they were disappointed of fireworks. Campbell left the bulk of the cross-examination to Follett, the two, perhaps unwisely, having decided to asperse Payne's character, a step which juries are apt to dislike.

Campbell asked only two or three questions.

C.: In the early part of your career, Mr. Payne, you were very unfortunate?

G. P.: Very much so.

C.: You lost the whole of your patrimony?

G. P. (*to Judge*): My Lord, am I bound to answer?

(*To Campbell*): Yes, Sir, I lost a considerable part of it.

C.: You have been a *little* more fortunate of late?

That gave the clue to the line of cross-examination and Follett took Campbell's place. He elicited that George Payne had played as de Ros's partner at whist after he had detected him cheating. He tried to go further and prove that Payne had taken Alvanley's advice and "backed him." He also made play with the assertion that the signatories had left Cummings to stand the shot of the trial.

But the jury, though as much at sea among the gambling terms bandied about as was Campbell himself, would have none of it. They accepted Sir William Ingilby's reluctant evidence that he had constantly and for years observed de Ros reversing the cut, as also the evidence of the signatories, and found for the truth of the accusation.

There was a good deal of sympathy with Payne, who had serious thoughts of horsewhipping Campbell for the aspersions cast upon him in the speech for de Ros, but Campbell wisely sent him an apology.

De Ros died in 1839, but the trial was not easily forgotten. Considering the vulnerability of Payne's career as a subject for cross-examination and the talent arrayed against him, the issue spoke highly to his reputation and character.

In 1835 George Payne, through his friendship with Osbaldeston, became involved in another *cause célèbre* which brought to him an unenviable amount of worry and publicity. It illustrates the then condition of turf morality very vividly, and explains the ease with which fortunes could vanish.

Osbaldeston had recently acquired a four-year-old named Rush (by Humphrey Clinker—Wire), and after a trial he had good reason to think well of the horse.

Rush was entered for the Manchester Stakes at Heaton Park that September 1835 and came in last.

The horse was also entered for the Gold Cup, George Bentinck having a horse in each event. Payne backed Rush himself at 10 to 1 heavily and got Osbaldeston on at 5 to 1. So heavily, indeed, was the horse backed after its failure in the Manchester Stakes that the odds were down to 2 to 1, at which price Lord George laid £400 against him. Rush won in a canter, and Osbaldeston, in an unguarded moment, admitted his pleasure in having done the handicappers at last (against whom he bore a long-standing grudge). Bentinck and his friends were furious with Osbaldeston. Osbaldeston went off to his hounds and asked Payne to collect his winnings from Bentinck at the Newmarket October Meeting. Payne, who knew the feeling against Osbaldeston, significantly refused.

At the Newmarket Spring Meeting next year, therefore, Osbaldeston approached Bentinck and claimed his money, £200. Lord George said "a greater robbery was never committed by any man on the public"; and then contemptuously counted out the notes. A duel was thereupon inevitable. Osbaldeston was one of the two best pistol shots in England, Bentinck was not in the same class, and the latter was regarded as a doomed man. Payne refused to act as Osbaldeston's second, but did his best—and successfully—to avert the supreme tragedy. He sought out Osbaldeston at the Portland Club, and in the small hours summoned him from his rubber to the street. Up and down the pavements they walked arguing. The "Squire" was adamant, Payne insistent. The conversation ended with a dramatic sentence from Payne:

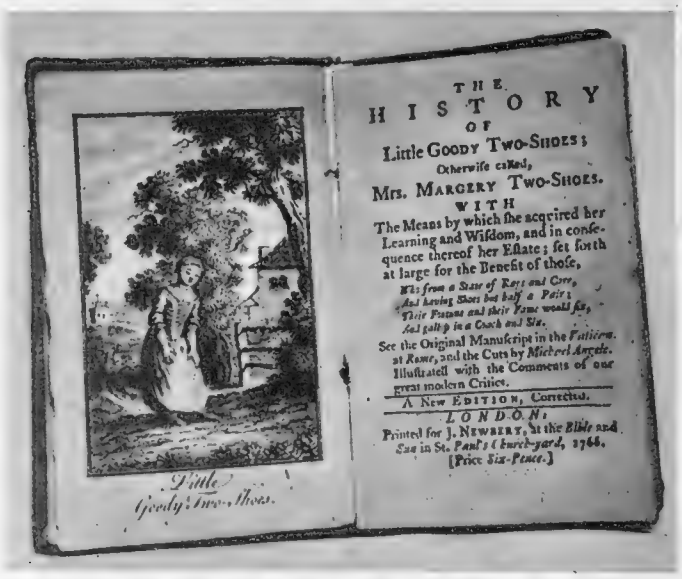
"If you kill George Bentinck, for the rest of your life you will be the most miserable man that ever lived, for there isn't a gentleman in England will ever speak to you again. For they all believe what Bentinck said was true, and, what is more, I believe it myself."

Osbaldeston stared at him open-mouthed and walked away. The duel came off. Osbaldeston held his finger till his opponent had fired and missed, and then (but not obviously) himself fired wide. Some time afterwards the two men were reconciled, and no doubt Osbaldeston was not entirely to blame. He had two grievances and both just ones.

The handicappers were notoriously not above suspicion, and he himself had been publicly accused of robbery.

No doubt Osbaldeston and many others in those days habitually sailed as near the wind as they dared, and met sharp practice by sharp practice. Day declares in his Reminiscences that Lord George himself was not above such methods.

In this matter of the "three Georges," one must commend Bentinck for his pluck and principles, Osbaldeston for his restraint, and Payne for his wise counsel and judgment.



THE TITLE-PAGE AND FRONTISPIECE OF "THE HISTORY OF LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES": The second edition and only existing copy of a book published in 1766 at 6d. and now valued at more than £1,000. It is being displayed at "The Children's Books of Yesterday" Exhibition, which was opened last week by Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, at 7, Albemarle Street. The book was brought to light by Mr. Percy H. Muir, of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association

FRANCE RECEIVES A PRICELESS NAPOLEONIC RELIC: This emerald ring, which was given to Bonaparte by the Pope on the occasion of his coronation as Emperor of the French, has just been handed over to the French Government by M. Lucien Baszanger, a Dutch jeweller living in Geneva. The ring left France with the Empress Marie Louise in 1814, and for a century it was included among the Habsburg crown jewels. How and where M. Baszanger obtained the ring has not been divulged

THE STAGE:

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

HIGH TIME (Palladium).—Odd, perhaps, that I should have found far the most amusing item in a very large-scale revue, with crowds of expensively-dressed glamour girls, elaborately artistic scenery, clever lighting, highly-paid comedians, etc., just three little puppets, with Mr. Bob Bromley pulling the strings. These dolls are not a Punch and Judy show or anything like it. One sees the manipulator himself on the stage, and under his brilliant guidance a toy *prima donna*, a toy violinist and a toy strip-tease dancer each do their stuff, and it is irresistibly funny. The vast audience roared its delight. Miss Tessie O'Shea is no puppet by a long chalk, and I would not care to have the job of pulling strings for her. They would have to be ropes. She glories in her plumpness and in being referred to as "Two-Ton Tessie"; there really are tons of fun in her cheery personality. In an elaborate and rather noisy scene depicting a sort of "honky-tonk" in Yukon she was at her best. She also showed herself to be pretty good at eating fish-and-chips. Mr. Nat Jackley, with his giraffe-like neck, is the best of a group of accomplished comedians. Just the sort of revue which should, and no doubt will, suit Palladium audiences.

TRYING IT OUT IN THE NORTH: A scene from C. B. Cochran's first important post-war show "Big Ben," which was presented recently at the Opera House, Manchester. As usual with a Cochran production, both the dress and decor are on a lavish scale

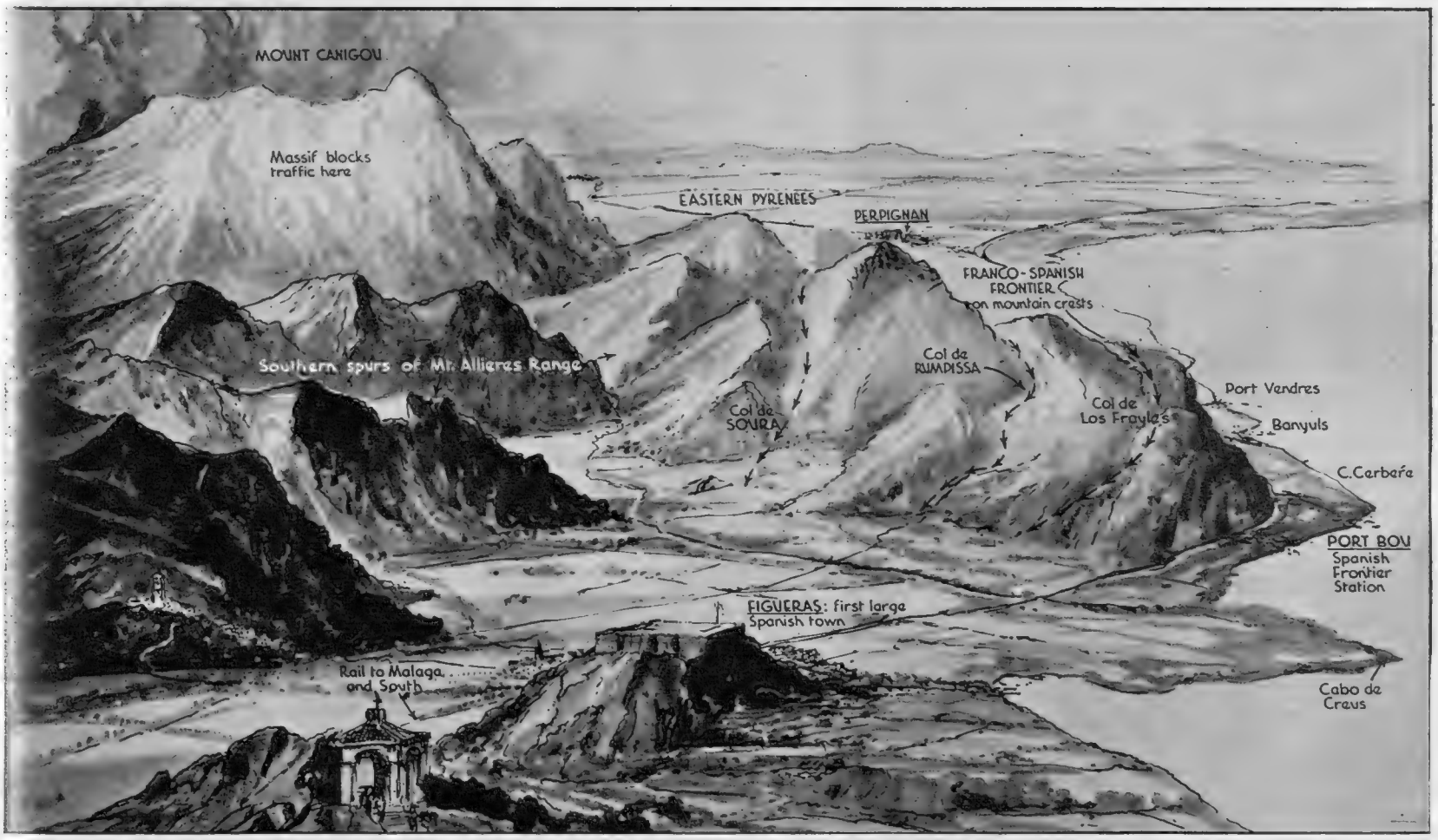
THEY STILL KEEP GOING AT THE WINDMILL: Joy Hunt dancing in Revudeville No. 193, the latest Vivian Van Damm production at the home of non-stop entertainment. Miss Hunt appears in the sketch "Buda-Pestilence," written for the revue by Eric Spear

Exercise Bowler (Arts Theatre).—This is, in spite of its curious title, a war-play. That is to say, it is a play about a war-play which is supposed to be enjoying a long run, but to be so unlike the real thing that three soldiers, who have tasted that reality, with all its horrors, protest from the audience and even get on to the stage and show the manager and the company what should be done. It is a queer situation, but is handled with much cleverness and dramatic force. If at times the course of *Exercise Bowler* seems a bit muddled, it is never tedious.

FLOODS ON THE TIGRIS—AN AVRO-ANSON DROPS FOOD SUPPLIES AND OTHER NECESSARIES TO A TRAIN STRANDED SOUTH OF BAGDAD: An unusual incident following the melting of the snows in the High Taurus Mountains—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

A TRAIN IS STRANDED BY THE TIGRIS FLOODS

In arid desert countries such as Iraq, heavy floods are a rarity, but they do occur from time to time when the snows melt on the High Taurus Mountains and the Tigris comes down in spate. Recently the flooding was so severe on a stretch of the railway south of Bagdad that a passenger train was stranded in a position where it was not possible to get any immediate assistance by boat. The Habbaniyeh airfield was at once communicated with by telephone and a pilot set out with an Avro-Anson, picking up the necessary supplies at Bagdad. Although the plane encountered a sandstorm en route, the pilot managed to get through to the stranded train and, much to the relief of the passengers, dropped his packages as near to it as possible. The reason for the flooding on this particular part of the Tigris is largely because the river twists and bends considerably. During the Mesopotamian campaign in the First World War floods on more than one occasion upset military calculations



SNEAKING INTO SPAIN—UNOFFICIAL ROUTES ACROSS THE CLOSED FRONTIER OF THE PYRENEES: Three mountain passes between Perpignan and Figueras over which the illicit traffic proceeds almost unchecked—*Drawing by Percy Home*

UNOFFICIAL TRAFFIC ON THE CLOSED SPANISH FRONTIER

The Franco-Spanish frontier, closed on March 1 by French initiative and as a protest against the continuance of the Franco régime, was recently reopened for a period of thirty days in order to allow French and Spanish nationals holding visas granted before March 1 to return to their homes. In reality, however, it would be difficult to say that the frontier had ever truly been closed, and a tremendous traffic still continues unchecked across the passes. It is not very difficult to cross this vast borderland, and from the Col de Portillon, 6,000 ft. up in the Central Pyrenees, down to Port Bou it straggles over a wilderness of mountain and valley that would need a guard of 2,000,000 men. There are at least three good ways across the frontier—via the Col de Soura, the Col de Rumpissa, and the Col de los Frayles—and, from all accounts, these are being widely used at the moment. Once the traveller has slipped down into the Spanish plains he can lose himself in Figueras, a fairly populous town grouped beneath a frowning citadel. On the Spanish side, however, the most important thing is to have identity papers, and these, too, can be had at a price

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE TELLS HER STORY

And Treats the Reading Public to Some Surprising Information: Esther Meynell Builds a Cottage in the Sussex Weald

IN the matter of **A STAR DANCED**, by Gertrude Lawrence (Allen. 10s. 6d.), perhaps one should not try to improve upon the publisher's blurb. "When a glamorous and superlative star lets down her lustrous hair and writes about her romances, her marriages, her personal friends on and off the stage, and winds up with excerpts from her exciting war diary, it is bound to make good reading." It appears that Miss Lawrence came to England some time after D-Day, and "flying across Southern England" she suddenly remembered herself as a little girl "dancing on a sidewalk in Clapham."

Although the inhabitants of the Clapham of those days may not have recognised the description of their dingy pavements as sidewalks, nevertheless, Miss Lawrence was filled with nostalgia as, when the airplane touched down, she, in her own words, "buttoned up my fur coat, and assured myself, as I tripped down the gang-plank, that I was making as neat an entrance as any in my career. It was eight o'clock, the dinner hour, when I drove up to the dear, familiar Savoy Hotel."

As we read on, we are treated to the surprising information that "I was born there in Kennington Oval." But perhaps that was due to the stress of circumstances in which "suddenly the stillness overhead was cut by the whir of flying planes."

It seems that the real horrors of wartime England were finally brought home to Miss Lawrence the evening when she went to dine with an old friend in Eaton Square. "Daisy's door was opened by her husband, Lionel. (Butlers have become extinct, even in Eaton Square.) Everything was as I remembered it, except for two unusual vehicles in the hall. These were the two bicycles on which Lionel and Daisy pedal to their respective war jobs." Lionel, it turns out, was a Colonel in a regiment of His Majesty's Foot Guards, but it is not revealed what Daisy was up to.

As for the war diary, we somehow skip from Pearl Harbour 1941 to August 19, 1944, when, with Diana Wynyard, Jessie Matthews, Bobbie Andrews, Margaret Rutherford, Ivor Novello, "and many others whose names I don't know yet," set out for Normandy. The landing was something. "To the delighted shrieks of our E.N.S.A. members I was pushed forward to the rail. With cheers from the Yanks I dived off the ramp and swam ashore to set foot on French soil for the first time since 1937. It was glorious. . . . As we beached we heard the news that the Allies had made another advance."

The rest, I suggest, is better left to be dealt with by the words-of-one-syllable department.

We centenarians of the industrial revolution have seen in the span of a brief generation a drift from the urban to the suburban. Yet William Morris did not toil in vain, and in all around we now see atavistic yearnings for a lost—or shall we say stolen or strayed?—rural economy.

It is by no idle trick of misnomer that a horse called Lovely Cottage should win the Grand National in 1946. Nor does it seem to be anybody's fault, except perhaps—Mr. Aneurin Bevan's, that it is not true that:

"The cottages of England
By thousands on her plains"

cluster no longer around the Stately Homes. In the modern jargon, these things are in short supply, and that "cottage of gentility" which Southey borrowed from Coleridge, is still a matter of competition between the agricultural labourer and the week-ending Cockney.

Mrs. Esther Meynell, whose **COTTAGE TALE** (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) I have so much enjoyed, has, in other books, delightfully recounted her experiences in building a cottage and in running one. In this book, as in her others, the terrain is the Weald of Sussex, and the cottage about which she writes is a not unsubstantial heritage from those yeomen who lived on equal terms with the Sussex ironmasters.

As always, she has a ready eye and a descriptive pen for a judicious blending of the village characters and characteristics of to-day, yesterday, and of long ago.

Added to this, there are some other pieces about country craftsmen, poets and painters, as well as country women, among whom are numbered Celia Fiennes, Jane Austen, Miss Mitford, Dorothy Wordsworth, the Ladies of Llangonnen, George Eliot and Gertrude Jekyll, all of whom, Mrs. Meynell points out, were spinsters.

There is one small point of insular prejudice upon which I would make a mild challenge. "Considering the curious gritty ugliness of so many American place-names," says Mrs. Meynell in a charming piece in which she invokes Ripe and Rudgwick, and Twineham and Wineham in Sussex; Broughton Pogges and Filkins in Oxfordshire; Mells and Vobster in Somerset; Fingrinhoe in Essex; Queen Camel in Somerset; and stately Redmarley d'Abitot in Worcestershire, she appears to be unaware that the United States, drawing on its rich Anglo-Saxon, Irish, Continental and Indian traditions, can provide as interesting a variety ranging from Tarrytown and Roukoukoma to Baton Rouge, via the Potomac.

MY LOVE MUST WAIT (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is not the title which would suggest to me a book of high adventure, but that is exactly what it is, and perhaps in these days that flamboyance is a necessary and eye-catching label. Miss Ernestine Hill's novel, however, is better and, in general, more solid than its title would lead the timid reader to suppose, and if that same T.R. can deal manfully with the occasional passages of pale-mauve prose, he will find the very rewarding story of a real man—Matthew Flinders, the great cartographer and explorer who sailed round the world with Bligh of the *Bounty* (*after* the mutiny), and mapped the coast of Australia.

He died at the age of twenty-eight, and his true story is greater than any fiction, though we all owe a debt to Miss Hill for writing it in popular language. He created his own epitaph when he wrote: "If the plan of a voyage of discovery were to be read over my grave, I would rise up, awakened from the dead."

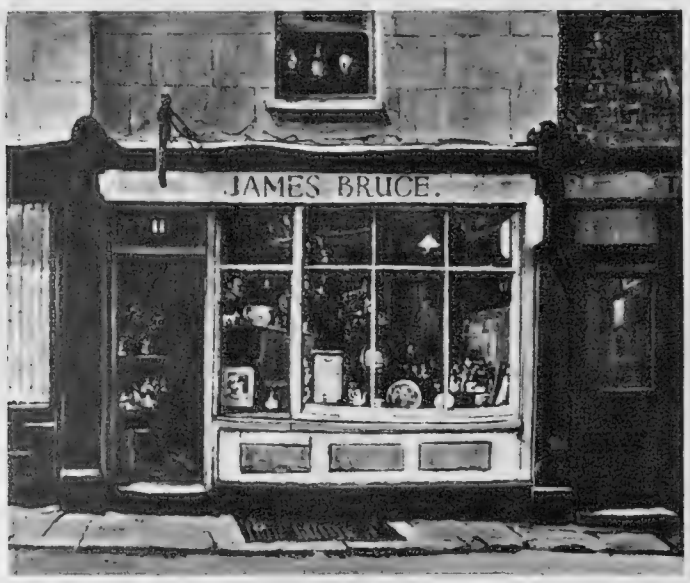
Read this book: it is the story of a man.

From history to pre-history. Mr. Comyns Beaumont has written a book of remarkable, and certainly controversial interest, based on a completely new theory of antediluvian civilisation. **THE RIDDLE OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN** (Rider. 18s.) expounds the theory that the Atlantic, and not the Mediterranean, was the focus of world civilisation, and that the British Isles, with the Scandinavian peninsula, itself originally an island, were "the true motherland of the Aryan or Nordic races, the biblical Adamaites, and dominated the ancient world long before the Flood of Noah."

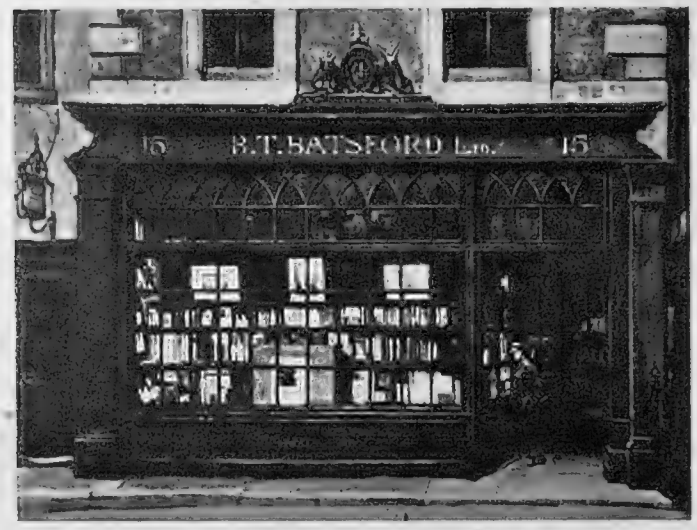
Mr. Beaumont quotes Francis Bacon—"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and consider. . . . Histories make men wise." The words are an apt introduction to a study in which the author argues that the civilisations of the Greeks, the Phœnicians and the Egyptians all emanated from Northern Europe, and that Atlantis may be identified with the British Iales.

The book's end-papers, which are maps of part of the western coast and the islands of Scotland, illustrate Mr. Beaumont's theory in an even more practical way, since on them Ben Nevis is marked Mount Olympus; Glen Coe, Thermopylæ Pass; and Parnassus is the original of Ben Gruachan. In another chart, Loch Alsh is shown as the Styx and Erbusaig as Mount Erebus. Obviously, here is a book to start you thinking, and, possibly, to start you arguing.

THE SCENE OF A SPECTACULAR ROBBERY: An artist's impression of Hever Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, from which priceless historical relics were stolen recently by a gang of masked men, who forced their way into the building, gagged the night watchman, and afterwards went to work without interruption. The stolen articles include the prayer-book carried by Anne Boleyn to the scaffold, a gold hexagonal signet ring of Henry VIII, and a Louis XVI snuff-box given by Napoleon I to the Empress Marie Louise. The four men who attacked the watchman were believed to be art experts, who already had a market for the treasures they were about to steal. Hever Castle was at one time the home of Anne Boleyn. The fifteenth-sixteenth-century fabric of the building has been drastically restored in the course of years—*Drawing by Percy Home*



"LITTLE SHOPS NEAR KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA": A picture by John Cole, which has been accepted for the Royal Academy and has a place in Gallery VI. Mr. Cole specialises in painting shop fronts



THE HOUSE OF BATSFORD: John Cole's picture of the celebrated Mayfair bookshop in North Audley Street has been hung on the line in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. Mr. Cole, who lives and works in a converted public house in Notting Hill Gate, known as the Duke of Sussex Studios, has painted pictures of shop fronts in many parts of London. His grandfather was George Vicat Cole, the celebrated Victorian landscape painter

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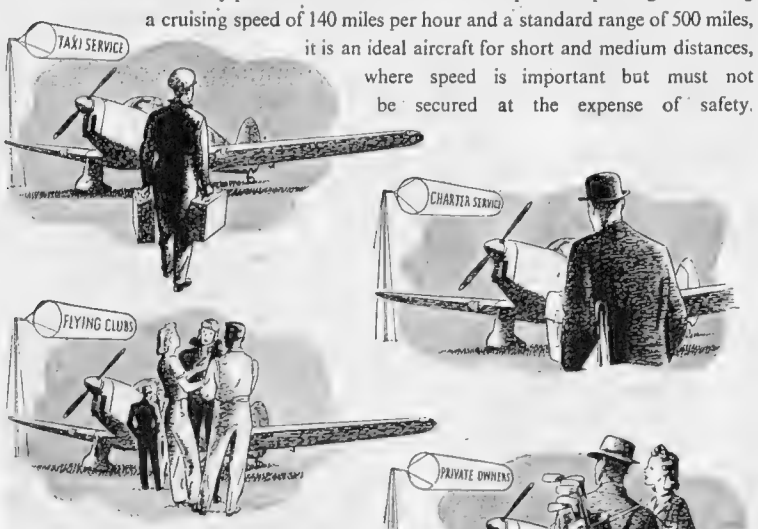

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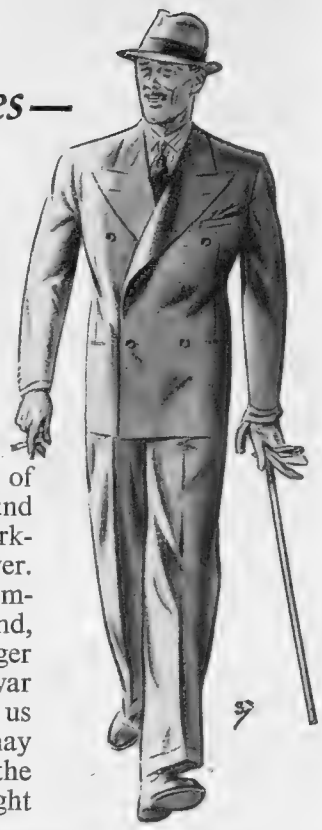

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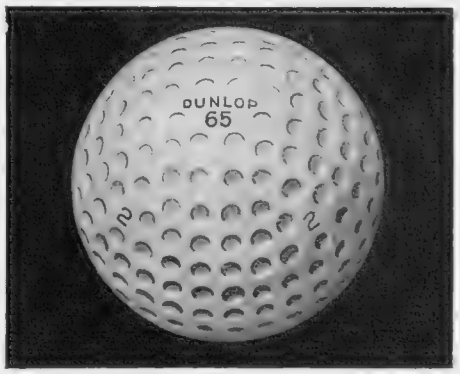

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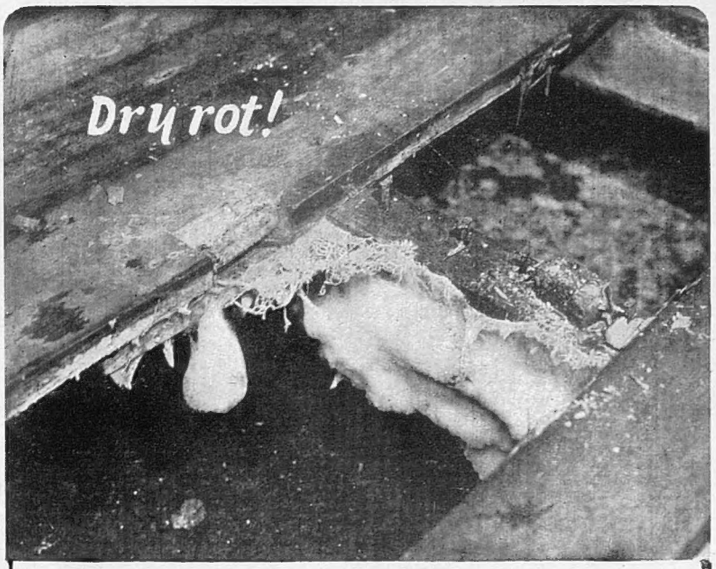

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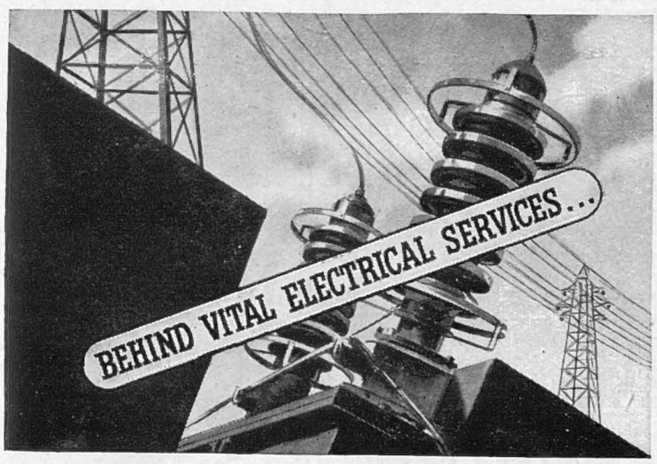

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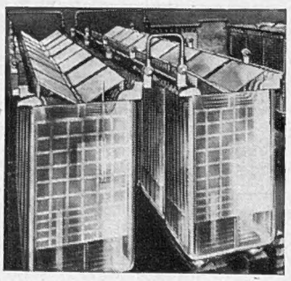

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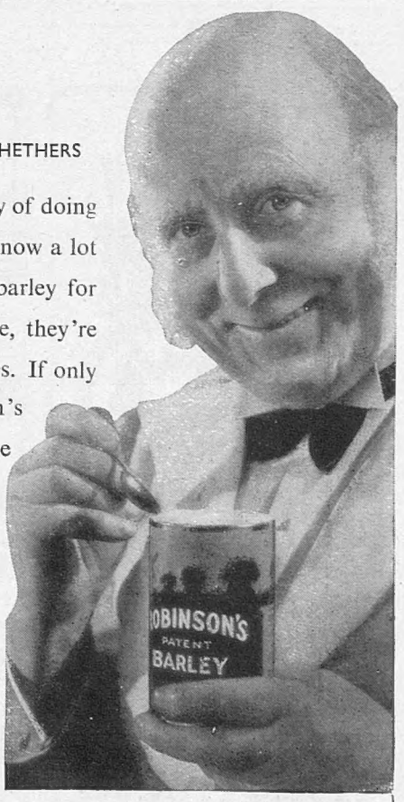

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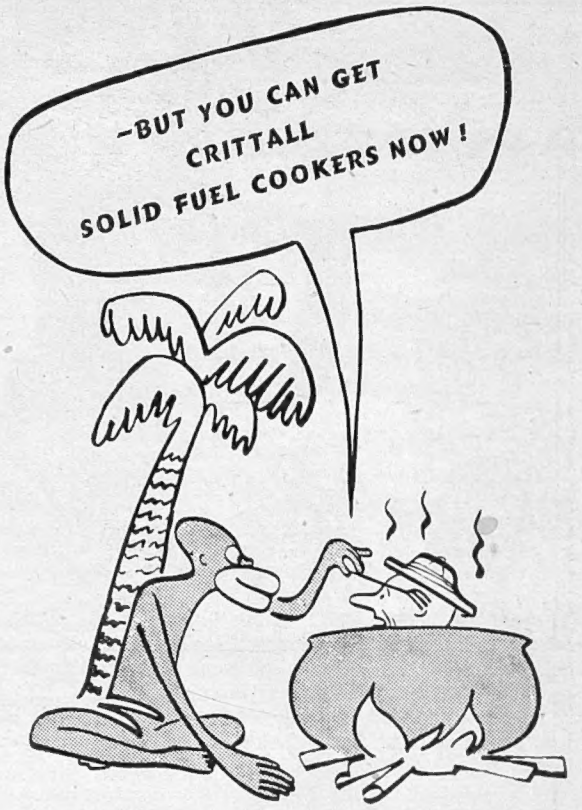

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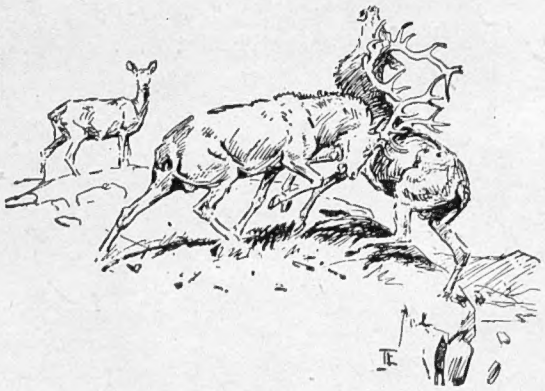
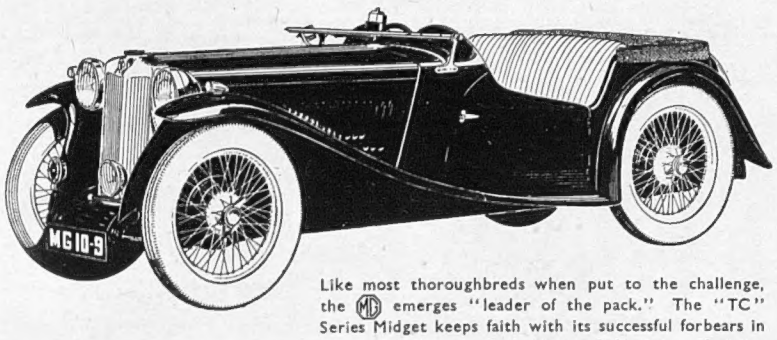


Maintaining the Breed



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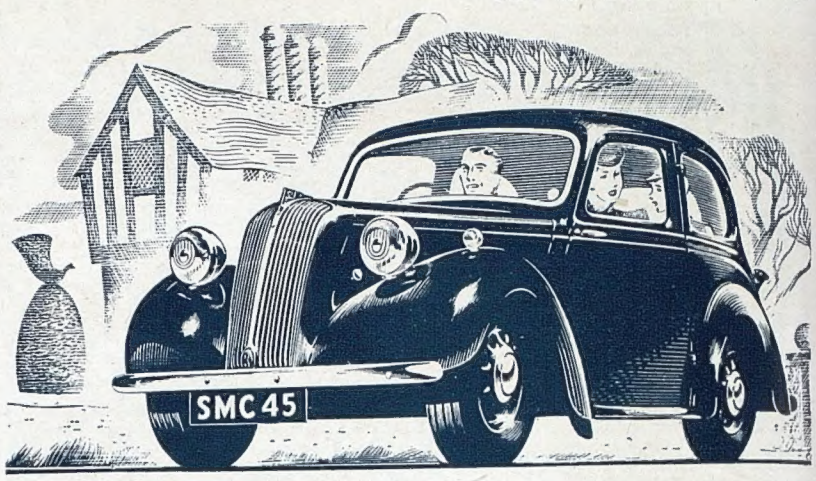

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